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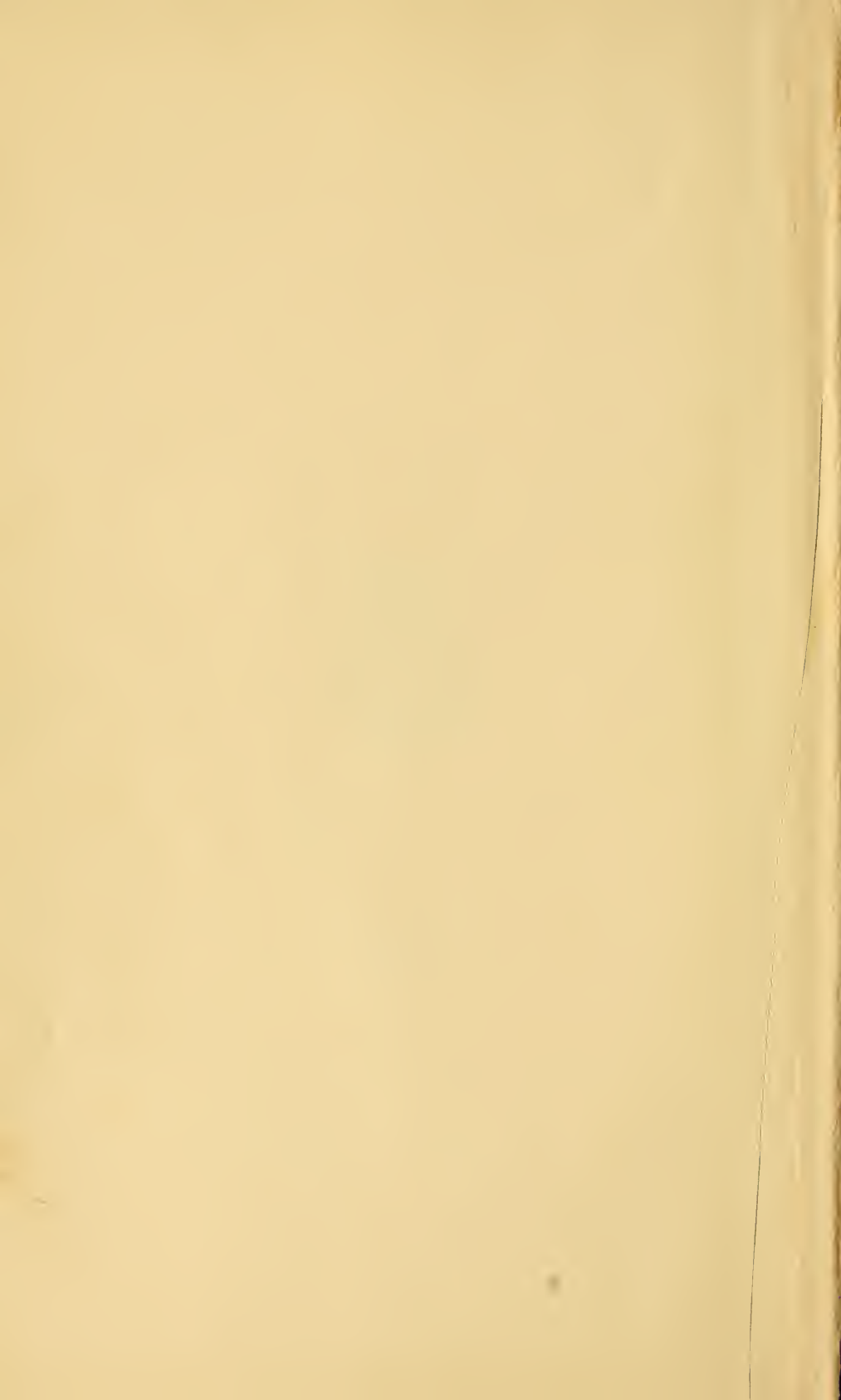
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HISTORY

OF THE

Mountain Meadows

MASSACRE,

OR THE

Butchery in Cold Blood of 134 Men, Women and Children

By Mormons and Indians,

SEPTEMBER, 1857.

ALSO

A Full and Complete Account of the

TRIAL, CONFESSION AND EXECUTION

OF

213 3/4
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JOHN D. LEE,

The Leader of the Murderers,

Illustrated by a true Likeness of John D. Lee.

PUBLISHED BY THE PACIFIC ART COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FOR DISTRIBUTION WITH THEIR

Celebrated Picture of Mountain Meadows.

SPALDING & BARTO, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, 414 CLAY STREET.

1877.

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HISTORY

OF THE

MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE.

In 1856 a Mormon mob drove the United States Judge from his bench at the point of the bowie knife, and he fled the Territory. This, coupled with the frequent and horrible murders of non-believers, the butchery of apostates and the persecution of "Gentiles," led President Buchanan to send an army to Utah to displace Young, seat a new Governor, and enforce the laws. As the troops drew near, Young issued a proclamation denouncing the army as a mob, and called the Mormons to arms to repulse it. This was in 1857, and at that critical juncture occurred the Mountain Meadows Massacre.

The new Governor declared the Territory to be in rebellion, but in 1858 an understanding was reached, and President Buchanan issued a proclamation of pardon to all who would submit. The army entered the valley and remained two years.

We have no disposition to go into any inquiry as to the details of the Mormon belief. We have now to deal only with its outward manifestations. It is but fair to say that an inconsiderable number who believe in the revelations of the First Prophet—Joseph Smith—denounce polygamy, abhor Brigham Young, and cut off utterly from the Utah Church. They have their headquarters in a Western State, and a son of Joe Smith is their churchly head. The history of the crimes perpetrated in Utah under the protection and by the direction of the Mormon Church would fill a ponderous volume. The arm which the church has used for its vilest deeds is known as the "Danite Band," or the "Destroying Angels," an organization of ruffians who cut a throat or dash out brains at command of the Church dignitaries, with all the nonchalance of a coachman cracking his whip on a frosty morning. To "use up a man" is a command they well understand, and their acts are held against them by the Church as no crime, but rather as steps to celestial rewards. By their early entrance into the Utah valley the Mormons gained much influence with the Indian tribes, and by shrewd devices have used them for years as weapons with which to wreak vengeance upon Gentiles. A third powerful arm of the priesthood is the doctrine of "blood atonement," teaching that blood may be justifiably spilled to punish apostacy, prevent heresy or avenge the Church. Thus, with these three, an ignorant and infatuated people, taught to hate non-believers, despise the Government, persecute Gentiles, and use up enemies, the Church stands a power in Utah.

For a fuller understanding of the incidents about to be related, let us sketch briefly the line of localities to be mentioned. Utah lies between the 42d and 37th parallels of latitude, and the 34th and 37th of longitude, being nearly a perfect parallelogram. A chain of mountains on the east side runs from the northern end along the east boundary half the distance of the Territory, and then trending westward and southward across it, striking its west boundary one hundred miles north of the Colorado river, at or near the supposed head of navigation on that stream. Along the base of this range of mountains, from which flow the irrigating streams, is the chief settled section, occupying comparatively narrow valleys, which are bounded on the west by various low ranges, the chief

of which is the "Oquirrh." To give a line of the settlements down this valley or chain of valleys, is all that is now needed to enable the reader to easily follow the narrative to come. On the extreme north is Smithfield, and going south along the chief highways, the settlements and main points are in this order in direct distances along the old Emigrant Road, some of the roads giving greater and lesser distances by their routes: Logan, 8 miles; Brigham, 30 miles; Ogden, 16 miles; Great Salt Lake City, 37 miles; Little Cottonwood, 7 miles; Lehi, 24 miles; Provo City, 22 miles; Payson, 16 miles—where we incline a little more westward; Nephi, 24 miles; Chicken Creek, 12 miles; Crossing of the Sevier River, 14 miles; Round Valley, 8 miles; Old Fort Union, 12 miles; Fillmore, 8 miles—the former capital; Meadow Creek, 8 miles; Corn Creek, 12 miles; Cove Creek, 15 miles—where Brigham Young has a stone fort; Beaver City, 22 miles—where Lee was tried; Parowan, 20 miles; Cedar City, 25 miles—where the rally to destroy the emigrants was made. Going now due southwest we come to Pinto, 32 miles; Hamlin's Ranch, 4 miles—which is at the north end of the Mountain Meadows, the scene of the massacre; Santa Clara River, 12 miles—which is but 24 miles from the southeastern corner of the Territory.

Scarce any crime in the history of the land equals in atrocity that which was perpetrated by order of the Mormon Church at Mountain Meadows, in September, 1857, in which John D. Lee was the chief agent, and from which he sought to shield himself to the last, even in his confession casting all blame on others, and denying that he personally shed blood.

Parley P. Pratt was one of the original twelve apostles. One of his wives was Eleanor McLean. She left her home in Arkansas and fled with Pratt. Pining for her children, she induced him to return with her to obtain them from her husband, and on their attempt to do so, the outraged husband slew the seducer. The Mormons saw nothing wrong in Pratt's action, and vowed vengeance upon McLean and his friends.

In the summer of 1857, a train of emigrants, hailing from Arkansas, Missouri and Illinois, and bound for California, entered Salt Lake City. It was a wealthy and populous train. There were in it one hundred and fifty persons, men, women and children, four hundred head of cattle, and seventy or eighty fine horses. It was a rich train, and carried money, jewelry, bedding, household goods, and superior wearing apparel. Its strength and wealth made it independent, and doubtless its members were boastful and bold. They were told that snows would prevent their making the northern passage, and they resolved to pass down through Utah and go into California by the southern route. Mormons say that in Salt Lake one of the emigrants swung a pistol above his head and swore that it helped to kill "Joe Smith," and was then loaded for "Old Brigham." Mormons, when asked whether their religion would exonerate the man who should kill the desperado that boasted of murdering the prophet, have bluntly answered "Yes." In addition to this, several of the emigrants came from McLean's neighborhood in Arkansas, and at least one was believed to have had a hand in the killing of Pratt.

Among the emigrants' cattle was a pair of old stags which were named "Brigham" and "Heber." In driving through the streets these old stags used to receive a generous share of abuse. Next to Joseph Smith, the Mormons worshipped Brigham Young and the "First Presidency."

Thus these emigrants publicly insulted President Young, it is charged, and Heber C. Kimball, his first counselor, and this insult is always mentioned by the Mormons as one of the causes of provocation for the massacre. The very groundwork of Mormon Theocracy rested upon unbounded reverence to President Young, their "Prophet, Seer and Revelator." It is also charged that the emigrants wove his name into vulgar songs, which were chanted through the streets.

A Territorial law prohibited profanity, and the violation of this law on the part of

some of the emigrants is charged, and for it they were ordered arrested at Cedar City, but they successfully resisted.

Again, it is told that a teamster, in passing through the streets of Cedar, brought his heavy whip-lash suddenly down among widow Evans' chickens, and killed two. Remonstrated with, the man swore he would kill the d——d Mormons as quickly as their chickens, if they interfered with him much more.

Lee has said that while camped two miles beyond the town they tore down and burned fifteen rods of fence, and turned their stock upon the standing grain.

It is rumored that at Corn Creek they poisoned an ox, and a spring, or a running stream, and the Indians suffered from the effects. One is said to have died, and the rest were terribly incensed against the emigrants. But on the first trial of Lee this charge was utterly exploded. It was shown the spring was a very large running stream, and could not be poisoned, and, indeed, was not, nor was the bullock, and lastly, that the party so charged was the Duke party, which came through some time after the Mountain Meadows party, and the Corn Creek Indians themselves deny the whole story, as we show further on.

Johnston's army was entering Utah, and the Mormons were marshalling to oppose him with force and arms. The United States was considered as an enemy, and its subjects were treated as foes. Practically the Territory was under martial law, and the Nauvoo Legion drilled regularly each week. Here was the richest and most powerful company that ever traveled the southern route to California. Their wagons, teams and loose stock alone amounted to over \$300,000, and they had the costliest apparel and jewelry. The wildest excitement prevailed, and murders were frequent. Driven from place to place in the East, the Mormons determined to fight for Utah. The emigrants are accused of having threatened to camp on the southern boundary of Utah, and when Johnston's army entered at the north, they would return and exterminate the southern settlements. Before the snow fell they would hang Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball.

It is said that the doctrine of blood atonement had its part in the massacre which followed, as several disaffected Mormons joined the train, and it became "necessary" to blood-atone them. When their dead bodies were found, after the massacre, it is said they were clothed in their endowment shirts. From these causes, gleaned from the sayings of Mormons, a little idea may be gained of the reasons which actuated the murderers.

On the other hand, it is abundantly proven that the emigrants were orderly, peaceable, Sabbath-loving and generally Christian people, holding religious services frequently. Eli B. Kelsey traveled with them from Fort Bridger to Salt Lake City, and he spoke of them in the highest terms. Jacob Hamblin, Indian interpreter, who has four wives, twenty children and eighteen grandchildren, said, "They seemed like real old-fashioned farmers." A resident of Parowan visited them often, and became well acquainted with them, and he had never seen a company of finer people, he declared.

When the emigrants entered Salt Lake they found to their great surprise that nothing could be procured of the Mormons for love or money. Their cash, their cattle, their immense wealth, could not purchase provisions enough to keep them from starving. Trains were always accustomed to obtain a fresh outfit at Salt Lake prior to crossing the deserts intervening between Utah and California. Brigham Young, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, is responsible for whatever suffering may have been endured because of an insufficiency of food. He was Governor of Utah, one of the Territories of the United States, and certainly he ought to have permitted citizens of the Union to purchase necessary provisions while passing peacefully through his confines.

But neither in Salt Lake, nor subsequently, could they procure supplies, and it is probable many would have starved if they had escaped the massacre. As a climax to

this inhospitable reception, they were peremptorily ordered to break camp, and move away from Salt Lake City. Slowly they passed down through the villages that blossomed at the foot of the Wasatch Range, expecting to reach Los Angeles by the San Bernardino route. The corn had ripened and the wheat had been harvested. Every granary was filled to bursting, yet money could not purchase food. At American Fork, Battle Creek, Provo, Springville, Spanish Fork, Payson, Nephi and Fillmore, they received the same harsh refusal to their requests for trading or buying. They were ordered away from at least two places where they were halting to rest and refresh their weary cattle.

The avenger preceded them, in the person of George A. Smith, the second man in the Theocracy. At every settlement he preached to the Mormons, and gave strict orders to sell no food or grain to emigrants under pain of excommunication. To the earnest, sincere Mormon, death is preferable to being "cut off" from the privileges of his religion. The enormity of this crime is apparent when we remember that certain death awaited these poor emigrants in the shape of starvation. At last Smith visited and viewed the very place chosen for the slaughter. On his return up the valleys he met the emigrants at Corn Creek, and on their request for advice where to recruit their teams before going out upon the desert, he told them to pause at Cane Spring, in the Mountain Meadows, the very spot where they were butchered.

The Mountain Meadows are about five miles in length and from one and a half to two miles in breadth. At that time the Meadows were well watered, and abounded in luxuriant grass, furnishing a desirable stopping place for the traveler preparatory to entering the parched desert further on.

The Mormons have ever charged this crime at the Meadows upon the Indians, and the Indians as industriously deny it. The fact is that at Corn Creek the Indians, when the whites refused, furnished the emigrants with thirty bushels of corn. An Associated Press reporter held recently an interview with the Chief of the Beavers, named Beaverite, who said:

"I was not at Corn Creek, but am brother of Kanosh, the Chief of the Corn Creek Indians, and am a warm friend of the Pahvants; often talked the matter over with them. The story of the poisoned ox is not true, nor of the poisoned spring; the water talked of is not a spring; it is running water; no Indians were ever poisoned, as the Mormons say; the Indians never told me of it, and I being with them often must have heard of it; no Corn Creek, Pahvants nor Beaver Indians went to Mountain Meadows. All one lie who say so. All Indians there were not more than one hundred; for I knew Moquepus, who was there with his Cold Creek Indians; he my friend; so were all his Indians; I often talk with them during the last seventeen years; Moquepus always said, and his warriors always said, that they were making a living by hunting around Cedar. John D. Lee came and told them to come and help kill emigrants. Moquepus said he had not guns nor powder enough. Lee said that the Mormons would furnish guns and powder. Moquepus asked him what would the Indians get. Lee said they would get clothing, all the guns and horses, and some of the cattle to eat. So they went. Moquepus was wounded, and died the year after of the wounds. All the Indians tell the same story. No Indians in Utah had any animosity against the whites. Then all were at peace with the Indians. One Indian tried to steal a horse of Duke's party (the party succeeding the murdered emigrants). A guard shot him, and, for a day or two, there was trouble and some shooting. That was the only trouble we ever had. I know all these Indians. I know all the Indian traditions. I know what I tell is true. I tell it now because they are cowards; had to throw all blame on Indians."

So all along the route the emigrants were refused food, and had to put themselves upon the shortest allowance. They were not allowed to drive through Beaver or Pa-

rowan (a walled town), for in the latter place the militia was already assembled for their slaughter. And so at last they entered the Meadows, and camped a little distance from the spring of water there, and the small stream running through. Meanwhile their murderers were preparing. A council was held at Cedar City. Haight and Higbee, dignitaries in the Church, and Lee, the Indian Amer, and Klingensmith, the Bishop, were there, and the destruction of the emigrants was resolved upon, and Lee sent on ahead to rally Indians to his aid, while Mormons, painted and accoutred as Indians, accompanied him. But a show of waiting for orders was made, and a messenger sent to Brigham Young; but it was all sham, and long before he could ride near three hundred miles and back the deed was done.

Suddenly at daybreak Monday morning, September 7, 1857, the emigrants were attacked, and at the first fire seven were killed and fifteen wounded. Unprepared, and, while most of them were yet asleep, they fell helplessly before the bullets of their unseen foes. With a promptitude unparalleled in all the history of Indian warfare, these emigrants wheeled their wagons into an oblong corral, and with shovels and picks threw the earth from the center of the corral against the wagon wheels. In an incredibly short time they had an excellent barricade. So rapid was their work that the plans of the assassins were turned.

Three Indians were wounded, and two died after being conveyed to Cedar City, where Bishop Higbee anointed their wounds with holy ointment and solemnly laid his hands upon them to cure them, fervently praying that "The Lord Jesus would heal them."

The unexpected vigor of the defense made by the emigrants rendered it necessary to call for help. A rally was made at Cedar City and Washington, and the faithful were ordered to appear "armed and equipped" for duty. One young man in the train was named William A. Aden, whose father, in Tennessee, had once saved the life of a Mormon, and out of gratitude he befriended the young man in some way. Soon afterwards a party of Mormons came up to the gate of the disobedient brother and struck him over the head with a club. His skull was cracked, and, although he is still living, his mind is seriously impaired.

Aden and a companion were, after the attack, sent out by the emigrants for help. At Pinto Creek they were met by the notorious Bill Stewart and a boy. Stewart shot Aden, but the boy failed to fire, and the other man escaped. Years after Stewart took a friend to the bushes where Aden died, and showed him his victim's bones, and brutally kicked them about. Stewart still lives, lurking about the vicinity of Cedar City, but hidden from the authorities.

The recruits arrived, were arranged in hollow square, and told that they were to aid in the murder of the emigrants. They were too strongly fortified to be attacked again without loss of life to some of the "Lord's Anointed." The plan resolved upon was to decoy the emigrants out under a white flag protection, and the plea that it was necessary to save them from the Indians. But all this recruiting had taken time, and the emigrants held their ground all the week. Their camp was in a hollow overlooked by low hills, and from there and from behind stone breastworks, Lee and his men kept them under constant fire, killing the cattle, wounding and killing emigrants, and making the corral a veritable death pen.

Water was the great need of the emigrants. Every attempt to go to the spring was met by death. A tunnel was started to reach it, but never completed. A woman who stepped outside the corral to milk a cow fell pierced with bullets. Two innocent little girls, clothed in pure white, were sent down to the spring. Hand in hand, tremblingly, these dear little rosebuds walked toward the spring. Their tender little bodies were fairly riddled with bullets. The old breastworks still remain, in places, and no one can visit the spot without being surprised that the emigrants held out so long.

Who can picture the torments of mind and body which those poor people suffered? In a bleak, desolate country, hundreds of miles from help, surrounded by painted fiends and dying of thirst and starvation, how deep must have been the gloom. Thursday night the emigrants drew up a petition, or an humble prayer for aid. It was addressed to any friend of humanity, and stated the exact condition of affairs. In case the paper reached California, it was hoped that assistance would be sent to their rescue. Then followed a list of the emigrants' names. Each name was followed by the age, place of nativity, latest residence, position, rank and occupation of its owner. The number of clergymen, physicians, farmers, carpenters, etc., was given. Among other important particulars, the number of Freemasons and Odd Fellows were stated, with the rank, and the name and number of the lodges of which they were members. It is the only expression that ever came from within that corral, but it gives a thrilling picture of their torture and mental anguish.

Who should attempt to bear this letter to California? Volunteers were called for, and three of the bravest men that ever lived stepped forward and offered to attempt to dash through the enemy and cross the wilderness and desert. Before they started, all knelt in the corral, and the white haired old Methodist pastor fervently prayed for their safety. In the dead of night they passed the besiegers, but Indian runners were immediately placed on their track, and they were tracked weary miles, and at last killed, and their bodies left to rot. It is believed one or more of them endured the Indian torture before being killed. The letter was found, and in after years shown to a leader in the massacre, and by him promptly destroyed. Two men, the Young Brothers, not Mormons, still live, who saw one of these three messengers shot to death, near Cottonwood, by Indians, under command of Ira Hatch, a Mormon.

Meanwhile the decoy plan at the camp was put into effect. A white flag was displayed, and Lee marched under its cover and met an envoy from the beleaguered camp. He promised the emigrants protection if they would lay down their arms and march out. They could do nothing else, and acquiesced. The arms, the wounded and the children were put into two wagons, driven by Mormons; behind them came the women, marching in single file, and a little back of them came the men, unarmed, starving, many wounded, and utterly despondent. On went the mournful procession. Lee marched between the two wagons. Suddenly he brought his gun to his shoulder and fired at a woman in the forward wagon, killing her instantly. It was the signal for the massacre. Indians rose from behind bushes, painted Mormons stepped from behind concealments, and all along the line the men and women were shot down like cattle in the shambles, while Lee and his aids dragged women and youths from the wagons and cut their throats from ear to ear. It is the most heartless, cold-blooded deed that ever disgraced the pages of history. The cowardly assassins could not have performed one single act that would have added to the blackness of their perfidy. They feigned friendship and sympathy, they induced these brave men to lay aside every weapon, and then shot them down like dogs. The venerable gray-headed clergymen, the sturdy farmers, the stalwart young men and the beardless youths, all were cut down, one by one, and above their dead bodies waved the stars and stripes.

But this was not all! The women were not all killed just yet! Many fell by their husbands and fathers and brothers; but others were not permitted to die yet. It was by a deliberate, predetermined forethought that the women were separated from their husbands' sides, as they left the corral. Men that had proven themselves fiends had yet to prove themselves brutes. And they did so. * * * In the testimony which we publish herewith will be found Jake Hamlin's half told tale of how his Indian boy told him about Lee and an Indian chief cutting the throats of two girls aged fourteen and fifteen behind some bushes whither they had fled. Their pure bosoms could not quiver

'neath the plunge of the cold steel blade, nor their white throats crimson before the keen knife's edge until they had suffered the torments of a thousand deaths at the hands of their brutal captors.

Sick women, too ill to leave the corral, were driven up to the scene of slaughter, butchered and stripped. Some of the young men refused to join in the dreadful work. Jim Pearce was shot by his own father for protecting a girl that was crouched at his feet! The bullet cut a deep gash in his face, and the furrowed scar is there to-day. Lee is said to have shot a girl who was clinging to his son. A score of heartrending rumors are afloat about the deeds of that hour. One rumor comes from a girl who lived in Lee's own family for years. She told Mr. Beadle, the author of several works, that one young woman drew a dagger to defend herself against John D. Lee, and he killed her on the spot.

And this story is told, too, of that day's darkness: A young mother saw her husband fall dead. He lay with his face upward, and the purple life-blood crimsoned his pale cheeks. She sprang to his side just as a great brutal ruffian attempted to seize her. Laying her tiny babe on her husband's breast, she drew a dirk knife, and, like a tigress at bay, confronted the vile wretch. He recoiled in terror, but the next instant a man stepped up behind the brave woman and drove a knife through her body. Without a struggle she fell dead across her husband's feet. Picking up the dirk she had dropped, the fiend deliberately pinned the little babe's body to its father's, and laughed to see its convulsive death struggles.

The orders were to spare children too young to remember. Bill Stewart and Joel White were to kill the rest. An old Indian who saw the deed says:

"The little boys and girls were too frightened to do aught but fall at the feet of their butchers and beg for mercy. Many a sweet little girl knelt before Bill Stewart, clasped his knees with her tiny white arms, and with tears and tender pleadings besought him not to take her life. Catching them by the hair of the head, he would hurl them to the ground, place his foot upon their little bodies and cut their throats."

Eight days after the massacre witnesses who visited the field of death, and testified at the first trial of Lee in 1875, saw the bodies of men, women and children strewn upon the ground and heaped in piles. Some were stabbed, others shot, and still others had their throats cut. There was no clothing left on man, woman or child, except that a torn stocking leg clung to the ankle of one. The wolves and ravens had lacerated every one of the corpses except one. There were one hundred and twenty-seven in all, and each bore the marks of wolves' teeth, except just one. It was the body of a handsome, well-formed lady, with a beautiful face and long flowing hair. A single bullet had pierced her side. Most of the bodies had been thrown into three piles, distant from each other about two rods and a half.

Indians would certainly have taken scalps or burned bodies, if savage revenge had been the only thought. The closest examination was made, and not the slightest traces of the scalping knife could be discovered.

Two months afterward a single Mormon—all honor to the man—gathered up the bones and placed them in the very hollow the emigrants had dug inside the corral. He acted upon his own responsibility, and went alone and unaided. He did the very best he could, but the task was horribly disagreeable, and the covering of earth which he placed upon the bodies was necessarily light. He testified at the first trial and said he picked up 127 skulls. Aden was killed, and the three messengers, making 131. Eighteen children were saved, one or two emigrants were buried in the corral after the first attack, so we must conclude that there were over 150 instead of 140 of the company, as generally believed heretofore.

The raiment of the dead was parted among the murderers. The cattle were driven

upon Harmony range and branded with the Church brand—a cross—after a portion had been given to the Indians. The wagons were drawn to Cedar City and they and the other properties were stored in the Mormon tithing-house and subsequently sold at auction, all marks of identity being destroyed by John M. Higbee, acting as auctioneer, and the tenth part due the Church paid into the tithing office. The children saved were subsequently gathered up by a Government agent, and as far as possible restored to their friends at the East. To this day the Indians who had taken part in the massacre declare, first, that they had nothing to avenge and had no animosity against the emigrants—they were hired assassins; second, that the Mormons cheated them egregiously in dividing the spoils.

It was a long time before the truth leaked out. The "Deseret News," the Mormon organ at Salt Lake, never published a line in relation to the occurrence until thirteen months after it happened. The Duke train, passing afterward to California, heard of it, and the news reached California early the following winter. Then the old Chief Kanosh complained that the spoil was unfairly divided, and made his complaints loudly. So public attention was attracted.

In the memories of some of the children lingered recollections of the butchery. Attention was drawn by George Adair, who, in the streets of Cedar, often used to boast that he had taken babes by the heels and dashed out their brains against the wagon wheels. In his drunken revels he would laugh and attempt to imitate the pitiful, crushing sound of the skull bones as they struck the iron bands of the wagon hubs. George Adair lives.

Two boys, named John Calvin and Myron Tackett, aged respectively nine and seven, were brought to Salt Lake City and placed under the charge of a most estimable lady until arrangements could be made for sending them to Arkansas. John would often tell how he picked arrows from his mother's body as fast as the Indians would shoot them into her flesh. He saw his grandfather, grandmother, aunt, father and mother murdered. Clenching his little fists, he would burst into a little passionate speech like this: "When I get to be a man I'll go to the President of the United States and ask for a regiment of soldiers to go and find John D. Lee. But I don't want any one to kill Lee; I want to shoot him myself, for he killed my father. He shot my father in the back, but I would shoot him in the face." Many of the children saw Mormon women wearing their mothers' dresses. Haight's wives and Lee's wives were often seen in Cedar City wearing silks and satins that came from the Mountain Meadows women. Jewelry and ornamental articles found their way through almost all the southern settlements. John said that Lee drove his father's iron-gray horses for a few days, and then a Bishop obtained possession of them.

Next came the confession of Philip Klingensmith and his flight to California. The Mormon Church attempted to wash its hands of the affair, and so cut off Lee from the Church, and eight of Lee's eighteen wives left him, as that amounted to a divorcement, but still Brigham remained on intimate terms with Lee. At the last the United States officers procured indictments against Lee and some of the leaders, and after a long and dangerous chase Lee was captured. And thus we have compassed the whole story.

When the facts became known relative to the exposure of the poor bones of the murdered emigrants, a company of United States troops was marched to the Meadows, and decent sepulture given the crumbling remains, and above the dead a wooden cross was raised, with the inscription, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." It did not stand long; vandal Mormon hands tore it down. Perhaps the perpetrators disliked the prophetic inscription, but this only succeeded in stamping it more deeply upon the hearts of the people of the United States. The Governor of the Territory, outraged at the destruction of the monument, gave the Mormons notice that they must restore it. Accordingly Brigham Young had a new one put up; but, lo, Brigham changed the in-

scription so as to read, "Vengeance is mine; I have repaid, saith the Lord." But very soon even this was torn down, and after its second destruction a company of United States Volunteers restored it as it first stood. The monument now is again without its cross. The spot is marked by a heap of large stones gathered from the neighboring hillsides. It is an irregular pile, twenty feet long and several feet wide. It is highest in the middle, and slopes like the roof of a house to each side. It is only three or four feet high, and bears no cross or inscription.

THE FIRST AND SECOND TRIALS OF LEE.

In the summer of 1874 indictments were first found by the Grand Jury of the Second Judicial District Court against Lee and several of his confederates for the massacre. By the vigilance of the officers, and after a long and patient pursuit through many dangers, "the butcher" was arrested. He was tried in July, 1875, before a jury of two Gentiles, nine regular "endowment robed saints" and one "Jack Mormon." Of course this jury would disagree. No matter how plain a case was made against the prisoner, he was one of the "Lord's anointed," and the holy priesthood were not ready to consent to his conviction. In the month of September, 1876, he was again placed upon trial. This time the prosecution purposely managed to have a jury composed entirely of Mormons. Knowing that a jury of Gentiles could not be had, new tactics were resorted to. The confession of Lee was proven to the jury and the evidence of eye-witnesses—both willing and unwilling—was brought out, proving his personal participation in the tragedy. The evidence was so conclusive that Lee, to protect himself from its overwhelming force, was driven to make the defense that whatever he did on the field of carnage, was by order of the Priesthood, and his counsel were compelled to argue that his superiors in the Church, and not Lee, were the responsible parties. It did not take long for that Mormon jury to make a choice between the conviction of Lee or the imputation against the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," which the acquittal of Lee on the plea and justification which he had been forced to make, would cast upon them. It was a sad dilemma for that "Faithful Twelve," but they were placed in it, and it were better that a score of old polygamous wretches should be turned over to the sacriligious hands of Gentile officers to have their blood shed, in atonement for their sins, than that the shadow of suspicion should be cast upon the fair fame (?) of the Prophet, Seer and Revelator Brigham, or of his present retinue of Priests and Bishops. So Lee was convicted, a victim to his own indiscretion and want of foresight in forcing his counsel to return the heavy blows that the prosecution gave by the direct evidence of guilt, and send them back upon the heads of the Priesthood, who were sure to be championed by the jury, in preference to Lee. He, in the minds of the jury, might go down or up, and the rest of the human race go on to its appointed destiny; but to negative the revelations made to the Prophets Joseph and Brigham, that "this people" should be the "Salt of the Earth," by a verdict of acquittal for Lee upon any theory that would soil the purity of the Church leader, was too much to ask of men who wore the robes with which the Church dignitaries had, with solemn ceremony, clothed them. It was a sorry hour for Lee when he allowed the prosecution to get between him and the "Church" jury. But it is said that "all things work together for good." Lee, seeing the bad faith shown by the Mormon jury in preferring the honor of their Church to his existence, has made most startling disclosures, which we have every reason to believe will be followed up, and no reasonable doubt can be entertained that the conviction of Lee will prove to be the beginning of an era of visitation of justice upon the outlaws in Utah, who in the name of religion have done such deeds, that the beautiful Territory they inhabit has become a by-word and reproach in

the land. To persons not conversant with the habit of implicit obedience to the will of the Priesthood which characterizes the mass of the Mormon people this horrible massacre seems almost too black a deed to be credited as the work of white men; but a knowledge of the blind subjection in which the followers of Brigham are kept, even to this day, will prepare the mind to accept as true all the details that have come to light concerning this massacre. Superstition and ignorance are the main props to that rotten structure, the Mormon Church, which has been erected in the beautiful valleys of Utah Territory to support Brigham Young and a few other leaders, whose lusts, greed and wicked practices have borne abundant fruit, regular every season, and in all seasons since the exodus of the original band of Saints from Nauvoo, in 1847. There are men to-day in the performance of high functions in the Mormon Church over whose heads the cloud is gathering, which will ere long break upon them. They will yet be brought to justice by means of the information given by their confederate, Lee, whom they thought powerless to do them harm. John D. Lee pays the penalty of his crime, and leaves a family of four wives and fifty-three children to mourn his departure. He had enough of human nature, notwithstanding he was most thoroughly imbued with bigotry, to place in the hands of the officers of the law lines that will, if followed up diligently, lead to results little dreamed of by his brethren, who are resting in fancied security. Lee, in his statement intended for publication as a part of his biography, tells the story of the massacre with much fullness. But it is known that he has not given all the horrible details. He has sheltered himself as well as he can; he has, even while at death's gate, touched lightly upon the hideous deeds of the participants in that butchery. He tells us nothing of the horrid acts following the attack; nothing of the outraged maidens who suffered first worse than death and then death itself. He deals not in the chilling description of the butchery. He shrinks from the task of penning the blood-curdling horrors of that fearful day when men, women and children were tortured and butchered, and the name of man was shamed by those bearing his form.

THE CONVICTION OF LEE.

The conviction of Lee astonished the world no more than it did the prisoner. Both Lee and the world were satisfied that so far as guilt is concerned a conviction was merited, but the former trusted and the latter expected Mormon influence would make the verdict "not guilty." Justice in Utah is such an enigmatical affair that few people puzzle themselves with endeavoring to pierce the veil to ascertain what power tips the scales of the blind goddess. In this Lee case, however, there is enough that is interesting, startling and marvelous to attract public attention.

Two years ago, as we have already said, indictments were found against several of the Mountain Meadows murderers by the Beaver Grand Jury, to wit: John D. Lee, W. H. Dame, Isaac C. Haight, John M. Higbee, George Adair, J. R. Elliott Wildena, Samuel Jukes, Philip K. Smith and W. C. Stewart.

At that time the knowing ones said nothing would ever come of it. Even before the indictments were reported by the jury, information was clandestinely communicated to those about to be indicted, and between two days they disappeared. Utah is so wild and extensive, so sparsely settled, and so intensely Mormon, that nobody dreamed United States Marshals could ferret out and arrest the villains. The capture of John D. Lee in the Panguish chicken-coop completely upset this Mormon theory of security. The arrest of Dame, the haughty Bishop of Parowan, further increased the danger that overshadowed the Church. The Record-Union's bold exposition of the crime, giving details of testimony that could be produced, and the whereabouts and religious standing of the perpetrators, caused a clamorous appeal from the press of the entire nation that justice be vindicated. Mormondom quaked, yet Brigham Young's promise to John D.

Lee at this time was, "Brother Lee, not a hair of your head shall be harmed." Didn't the Church control the juries? Had not juries the ultimate decision? and was not the promise safe?

The trial came on. At immense trouble and expense the prosecution had obtained evidence sufficient to convict. Every impediment which Mormon ingenuity could devise was thrown in the way to obstruct, mislead, and even intimidate the officers of the law. When our children write history no men will receive greater credit than the pioneer Gentile Judges, lawyers, and United States Marshals of Utah.

At the proper time a list of the names of the jurymen who had been drawn was submitted to Lee and his attorneys by the Church authorities. A Church Council had previously taken this list and marked the names of such jurors as they knew could be trusted with an oblique cross ("X")! This practice is said to be common in lawsuits where Mormon and Gentile interests are at issue! Of course Lee accepted as many of the designated jurymen as possible. Half the result of that first trial is known; it is, the jury disagreed. The vital half, however, is, that the Marshals and witnesses, the able attorneys for the prosecution, and most of all, the press of America, fastened the crime so conclusively upon Lee, Haight, Higbee, Dame, White, Stewart and — those far greater than these—that the Mormon leaders concluded some one must be sacrificed to save the church.

Klingensmith, the ex-Bishop and apostate, a man sixty-three years of age, a former bigot, blinded by Mormonism to mercy and justice, is a man not bad to look upon, and has a fair reputation for truth. At the first trial he was brought, by great effort from the wilds of San Bernardino, California, and kept under constant guard at his request, so greatly did he fear the Mormons. He testified at the first trial, and it will be noted that in Lee's confession he says a certain part of Klingensmith's story is correct. It becomes, therefore, a part of the confession, and hence we give a synopsis herein of his testimony at the first trial, July, 1875. It is generally accepted as a true story. As the second trial approached, little interest was felt in the result outside of Utah. The press and public complained that no verdict of guilty could be obtained in Beaver. Despite hopelessness of the case, however, the United States Marshals determined to do their duty. As an instance, Marshal Crowe was sent by a circuitous route to a point on the Colorado river, known as the Needles, where, at last accounts, Klingensmith resided. Arriving at the Needles, after a tedious, fatiguing journey, Marshal Crowe found that his man had not been heard from for several months, but was probably somewhere down the Colorado river. It was an almost hopeless task and was strangely desperate and adventurous, yet the Marshal concluded to drift down the river in an open boat with only Indians for guides, in quest of his witness. The country on either hand was desolate and uninhabited, save by bands of savage Indians, and yet, one morning, in an Indian camp, Klingensmith was discovered. He was brought to Beaver, but was never put on the witness-stand. He was not needed. Mormons had suddenly taken hold of the prosecution. Witnesses sprung up as if by magic. Witnesses that no Marshal ever could have found. Witnesses who knew all about the massacre; who could throw all the blame on Lee, and whose story would completely exonerate the Church and the First Presidency. Even Brigham Young did not hesitate to give the prosecution his personal encouragement and assistance.

He not only prepared and signed an affidavit purporting to tell what he knew about massacres, but he allowed the prosecuting attorney free access to his own private papers. Could anything be more shrewd and statesmanlike than allowing the introduction of that affidavit? The moment it was read in Court, Brigham Young became a witness on the part of the prosecution, and henceforth and forever became freed from the possibility of ever being prosecuted for complicity in the massacre.

John D. Lee knew nothing whatever of the death-toils that were being woven around him. It is notorious that, in Mormon plots and machinations, no point is left unguarded in this case deluding the victim was an important point. Despite the proof that was to be adduced, despite the pains taken to convince all parties (except Lee) that the Mormon authorities were laboring for a conviction, one last, desperate, clinching precaution must be taken. Lee must again select such jurymen as the Church should designate. For this reason he must continue to believe that the Church was still standing staunchly by him. They succeeded. In vain his attorneys assured him that he was deserted, and that his old Church fellows, whose endowment garments were cut after the same pattern as those he was wearing, had resolved upon his conviction. He knew they were faithful. He had been told, secretly and openly, to put his trust in the Lord and the Church. And finally, when the jury list was secretly placed in his hands, with the names of the faithful marked "X," he exultingly exhibited it to his counsel as proof of the fidelity of his dear old Mormon Church. Not a single jurymen was selected whose name was not marked. Lee's doom was sealed.

The trial developed no new facts. The only important feature in the testimony, was that it fastened the crime more directly upon inferiors, and rendered it more remotely possible that superiors were implicated. Noticeably this second trial was a defense of the Church, and an attempt by the Mormon rulers to use the Courts to whitewash themselves, an effort, however, in which the officers of the law outwitted them. Considered in a strict judicial light, the testimony was not nearly so strong nor so convincing as that produced at the first trial, yet the jury unanimously and speedily brought in a verdict, of guilty. It was supposed to be a double verdict, a conviction of Lee and an acquittal of all others concerned in the massacre. Ah; how foolish! Nearly twenty years ago the massacre was committed, yet most of the men still live who shot, and stabbed, and brained one hundred and thirty-three defenseless emigrants at the Mountain Meadows. Many of those who murdered indiscriminately men, women and children, and who stripped the bodies stark naked and left them for the wolves to mutilate, are to-day inhabitants of Utah and honest members of the Mormon Church. Even Bill Stewart, the wretch who cut the children's throats; and George Adair, the fiend who boasts of having taken babes by the heels and of dashing out their brains against the wagon wheels, both are safely dwelling among the Mormons near Cedar City or St. George. Lee's conviction is all well enough so far as it goes, but for the sake of humanity let not the work stop here. Must justice accept the life of poor old John D. Lee, decrepit, gray-haired, stricken as he is with years, as full atonement for the innocent blood that was cruelly, mercilessly, shed on the Mountain Meadows? The nation will answer.

THE STORY OF KLINGENSMITH, AS TOLD AT THE FIRST TRIAL.

Klingensmith turned State's evidence. He lived at Cedar City from 1857 to 1872; the Meadows are forty-five miles south of Cedar City, on the California road; was at massacre in September, 1857; heard of the emigrants' coming; people were forbidden to trade with them; felt bad about it; saw a few of them at Cedar City; this was on Friday; some swore, and Higbee fined them; they went on; heard rumors of trouble; on Sunday it was customary to have meetings; the President and Council discussed the matter as to their destruction; Haight, Higbee, Morrell, Allen, Willis, myself and others, were there; some of the brethren opposed the destruction; I did; Haight jumped up and broke up the meeting; I asked what would be the consequences of the act; then Haight got mad; Indians were to destroy them on Monday; Higbee, Haight, White and I met and discussed the same subject again; I opposed the destruction, and Haight relented; he told White and I to go ahead and tell the people that the emigrants should go through

safe; we did so; on the road we met John D. Lee; told him where we were going; he replied, "I have something to say about that matter;" we passed the emigrants at Iron Springs; the next morning we passed them again as we came back; they had twenty or thirty wagons, and over one hundred people, old men and middle aged, and women, youths and children; near home we met Ira Allen; he said the emigrants' doom was sealed; the die was cast for their destruction; that Lee's orders were to take men and go out and intercept them; Allen was to go on and counteract what we had done; I went home; three days after Haight sent for me, and said news had come from the men, and that they did not get along well, and wanted reinforcements; that he had been to Parowan and got further orders from Colonel W. H. Dame to finish the massacre; to decoy them out and spare only the small children who could not tell tales; I went off; met Allen, our first runner, and others; Higbee came out and said, "You are ordered out, armed and equipped;" Hopkins, Higbee, John Willis and Samuel Purdy went along; had two baggage wagons; got to Hamblin's ranch, three miles from emigrants; there met Lee and others from the general camp, where the largest number of men were; found that the emigrants were not all killed; Lee called me out for consultation one side; he told me the situation; the emigrants were strongly fortified, with no chance to get at them, but that Higbee had been ordered to decoy them out the best way he could; that was agreed to and the command given to John D. Lee to carry out the whole plan; they went to the camp; Lee formed all his soldiers into a hollow square and addressed them; they were all white men, about fifty in all; the Indians were in another camp; saw there Slade and his son Jim, Pearce, probably his son, too; all these were from Cedar, and Bill Stewart and Jacobs; think Dan McFarland was there too; Slade and I were outraged, but we said, "What can we do; we can't help ourselves;" just then an order to march was given, and we had to go; we were put in double file; Higbee had command of part of the men. It was the Nauvoo Legion, organized from tens to hundreds; marched to within sight of the emigrants; either Bateman or Lee went out with a white flag, and a man from the emigrants met them; Lee and the man sat down on the grass and had a talk; don't know what they said; Lee went with the man into the intrenchments; after some hours he came out, and the emigrants came up with their wounded in wagons ahead; the wounded were those hurt in the three days previous fight; they said the Mormons and Indians couldn't oust the emigrants; next came the women; next the men; as the emigrants came up the men halted, and the women on foot, children and wounded, went on ahead with John D. Lee; the soldiers had orders to be all ready to shoot at the word; when the word "Halt!" came the soldiers fired; I fired once; don't know if I killed any; the men were not all killed at the first shot; saw women afterwards with their throats cut; I saw, as I came up to them, a man kill a young girl; the men were marched in double file first, then thrown into single file, with the soldiers alongside; heard the emigrants' congratulations on their safety from the Indians; at last John M. Higbee came and ordered my squad to fire; Lee, like the rest, had firearms; no emigrants escaped; saw soldiers on horses take on the wing those who ran; saw a man run; saw Bill Stewart, on a horse, go after and kill him; saw a wounded man beg for his life; Higbee cut his throat; the man said; "I would not do this to you;" Higbee knew him after he fired; was told to gather up the little children as we went; saw a large woman running toward the men, crying, "My husband! My husband!" A soldier shot her in the back, and she fell dead; as I went on I found the wagons, with the wounded all out on the ground dead, with their throats cut; went on and found the children; put them in a wagon and took them to Hamblin's house; saw no more, as the soldiers dispersed them; two children were wounded, and one died at Hamblin's; think I had to leave it there; there were many soldiers from the counties south whom I did not know; the next day McCurdy, Willis and myself took the children to Cedar City, leaving one at Pinto

creek; on the road met a freight train of wagons, with men living here in Beaver now on it; I went to old Mrs. Hopkins, and told her I had the children; she rustled round and got places for them; I took one girl baby home; my wife suckled it; afterwards I gave it to Dick Beck, he having no children; they were all well treated, I believe; we got good places for them, where there were few children.

After several days Haight sent me to Iron Springs, where the wagons came, and the goods of the emigrants were. Got them and put them in the tithing house. I was to brand the cattle, too. Found there John Urie, and a hunter, and Allen. I put the goods in the church tithing office cellar; left the wagons in front of the tithing office; branded the cattle with the church brand—a cross. Lee was in the cellar with me, and saw the goods. Haight and Higbee told me that a council had been held, and that Lee had been deputed to go to President Brigham Young and report all the facts of the massacre. Lee went. I followed, to attend the Conference, October 6th, at Salt Lake City. Met Lee at Salt Lake, and asked him if he had reported to Brigham Young; he said, "Yes, every particular." On the same day, I, Lee and Charley Hopkins called on Brigham Young. He there, in the presence of them, said: "You have charge of that property in the tithing office; turn it over to John D. Lee; What you know of this say nothing. Don't talk of it, even among yourselves." When I came home I had to go to the Vegas lead mines to get ore; while I was gone Lee took the property and had an auction, so Haight and Higbee told me; Haight sold part of the cattle to Hooper, Utah's Congressional delegate afterwards, for boots and shoes; there were Indians in the massacre; the hills were pretty full of them; they were deputed to kill the women; saw one Indian cut a little boy's throat; heard no effort to restrain the Indians; some of the Indians were wounded and three of them died of their wounds; the Indians came back to Cedar, where I lived; one was called Bill and one Tom, both chiefs; saw some of the emigrants' property with the Indians; saw Lee get dresses and jeans from the tithing-office out of the emigrants' plunder; I learned from Allen that Lee was the one to gather up the Indians to attack the emigrants, and talked with Lee about it; afterwards Lee was Indian Agent at the Harmony Agency, traded with the tribes, and issued goods and rations of the Government to the Indians.

Am a Pennsylvanian. At 22 years of age went to Indiana; at 26 to Michigan; thence to Nauvoo in 1844. Left there with the Mormons in 1846, and went to Iowa; thence to Council Bluffs. In 1849, came to Salt Lake; thence to San Pete, and raised two crops; thence to Parowan; thence to Cedar City in 1852, and stayed till 1859. Then went to Toquerville; thence to Beaver, where I stayed a year and a half; then back to Toquerville and stayed six months. Then went on a ranch and stayed one year; thence to Parowan, and stayed there one year; thence to the river Muddy, and stayed a part of two years. Left there in 1865 and went back to Parowan, and remained there over a year. Then went to Meadow Valley, Lincoln county, Nevada, and live there yet; go out prospecting. At Nauvoo I was an Elder, and belonged to the ninth quorum of the Seventies. At Cedar City, in 1857, was Bishop over Cedar. My duty was to act in temporal affairs, collect the tithings, and see to making field and water ditches. Was under the Presidency of Haight, to whom I was subordinate. The people held counsels with me. James Whittaker and old Daddy Morris were my counselors. The first I heard of the emigrants was their being ordered out of Salt Lake. President Haight gave out that the people were not to supply the emigrants. He gave the order at an afternoon meeting of officials. Haight preached on the subject; he said the emigrants were to be destroyed. Allen favored it with Haight. Higbee also agreed to it. No particular reasons were given for the order. That astonished me, and as many opposed as favored the action. Morrill, myself and the councilors opposed it. I had the right to appeal to the higher power, but did not. Knew of no power I could then resort to. Haight preached

to the people not to furnish the emigrants with supplies, after he first heard of the emigrants coming, only three or four days before they come. A year before, Haight preached to the people not to supply any emigrants. Do not know that Indians had been gathering to destroy the train; had they been so gathering I must have known it. I did hear that Indians were to go to the Meadows ahead and do the work. I never knew why the emigrants were to be killed. Did not try to rally the people to prevent the massacre; had no power to do so; went as far as I could, and protested against it. Did not try to prevent any man going to the massacre; had I undertaken that it would have been bad with me. [Sensation in Court]. I was afraid of both the Church and the military authorities. If a man did not then walk up to orders it would not be well for him. I feared personal violence; I feared I would be killed. I had power only on small temporal cases. I had to obey Haight and his counsel, composed of Higbee and the younger Morris. I had my fears from my long knowledge of the discipline of the Church. I think I knew of one man being put out of the way. I heard of others, and believed it. I heard of Rasmus Anderson being put out of the way for adultery, and believe it. I heard of three others being put away. I do not know how Anderson was killed.

I did not hear Lee's address to the men while formed in hollow square, as I was at one side. I did say to the Council on the field that if the orders came from due authority we must go and carry them out. Higbee said, as we went to the front, that two emigrants had escaped from camp; that they had been overtaken at Richard's Springs; one had been killed and the other wounded, and had again escaped. Did not say it was necessary to exterminate the emigrants to prevent the news going to California of the killing at Richard's Springs, and that thus prevent the incursions of Californians to take revenge. Heard those say who came for troops that, during the first three days, whites and Indians together fought the emigrants. I was ten feet from an emigrant wagon opposite me when I fired. Cannot say if I hit him. Did so, probably. I observed orders: No motive of robbery moved me; had not heard it talked of as a motive. Of the seventeen childrer saved, the oldest was a boy of two or three years. I kept one of them. Higbee got the oldest boy; Hamblin got the wounded ones; Ingham got one. Do not remember who got the rest. Did not talk to Brigham Young of the massacre. Told Charles Dalton of it in Salt Lake. Had no right to speak to Young, Cannon, or George Smith of it, unless they asked me. I first made public about the massacre three years ago, at Bullionville, in an affidavit to Charles Wendell, sworn to before the County Clerk at Pioche. Was out of the Mormon Church five years ago. Resigned as Bishop in 1858-9. Never considered myself in full fellowship after that. Am not now a Mormon, and never expect to be again.

THE SECOND TRIAL OF LEE AT BEAVER, UTAH TERRITORY, SEPTEMBER, 1876.

Daniel H. Wells, formerly General of Utah militia and chief commander of Brigham Young, one of the "Twelve," and for years Mayor of Salt Lake City, was the first witness. He testified that he knew Lee, who had been a Major in the militia, and in 1857, was Farmer to the Indians and was considered to have influence with the Indians.

Labon Morrill testified that he was at a council at Cedar City in 1857. It was about the passage of the emigrant train. There was some confusion, and witness was told that the emigrants had made threats against the Mormon people, and that an army was coming also. Witness objected to offensive measures against the emigrants, and it was at last agreed to send a dispatch to the Governor, Brigham Young, and nothing done till an answer was had. Witness went home, some seven miles away. About forty-eight hours before the messenger to Young returned, witness was called to Cedar on business,

and then learned that the emigrants had been destroyed. Bishop Klingensmith and Haight were at the council. It was understood the emigrants were down at Mountain Meadows, that Lee was there, and that a messenger should be sent to him to have the thing stayed. Some of the emigrants had sworn they had killed old Joe Smith, and there was excitement over it. Haight and Klingensmith were in favor of killing the emigrants. John D. Lee lived then at Harmony and was a man of influence with the Indians. At the council witness asked what authority they were acting on; and the reply was, on their own authority.

James Hariem swore he was the messenger to Brigham Young at Salt Lake. Haight told him September 7, 1857, that he had sent word the Indians had the emigrants corraled at the Meadows. Haight said he would send a message to Lee also to keep the Indians in check till witness returned. Witness left at 5:50 P. M., changed horses frequently, and reached the city and saw Young, who told him to rest two hours and be at his office thereafter. After the rest asked him if he could start back at once, and he replying he could, he told him not to spare horseflesh, as the emigrants must be allowed to go in peace. Witness made a forced ride and returned and delivered the message, and Haight said it was too late. Joseph Clemes was the messenger sent to Lee, and Haight told him to tell Lee to hold the Indians back till witness returned.

Joel White testified that he sent him from Cedar City to Pinto, which the emigrants were supposed to be approaching, to tell the man in charge at Pinto to pacify the Indians and let the emigrants pass. After going a mile and a half they met John D. Lee coming to Cedar. Lee asked what calculation the people had come to with regard to the emigrants passing. He was told they were to be allowed to pass, and what the message of witness was. Lee replied, "I don't know about that," or, "I have something to do about that," and then drove on. Witness and companion went on, and on return saw the emigrants camped between Pinto and Cedar, at Iron Springs. They had not yet reached Pinto. This was four or five or six days before the massacre. When he met the emigrants at Iron Springs, Klingensmith pointed out to him some of them as those who had made threats, and one who had said he helped kill Joe Smith.

Samuel Knight swore that he and Jake Hamlin, in the summer of 1857, lived on the Mountain Meadows, herding stock there. The valley is four and a half miles long and half a mile wide, surrounded by hills and mountains, with a gap at each end. At the northeast end gap was Hamlin's ranch, the other gap leads out on to the desert. Through the Meadows a stream flows that leads into the Santa Clara river. Witness was living in a wagon box near Hamlin's. His wife had just been confined and was at the point of death. Witness had been down to the Santa Clara, thirty-five miles below, on business, and was returning, after the massacre, *i. e.*, after the first attack. Lee told witness of the attack. He met Lee, who hailed him. Lee showed witness bullet holes in his clothing and hat. He said he had attacked the emigrants with the Indians and had been repulsed. He said he had made the attack that morning at daylight, and said he had had a narrow escape from being shot from the camp. It was dusk when witness met him. He did not notice paint on Lee's face. He had on a hickory shirt, a straw hat and homespun pants. The day of the massacre of the men, women and children Lee came about noon to witness to get his wagon. Klingensmith was with him. He said he wanted it to haul away the sick and wounded to the settlements, where they could be cared for. Witness did not want to go, as his wife was sick, but they insisted, and said duty called. He finally said if his team went he should go, too, as the horses were young and fractious; so he went—went to near the south end of the Meadows and drove up to a camp of Indians and white men, nearly half a mile to the left of the road, near a little spring. He was soon told to drive to the emigrant camp, a half-mile off, and follow another team down. A man, walking beside

Lee, carried the white flag, and they were met by an emigrant carrying a white rag on a stick. They consulted, and then the teams moved on to the emigrants' corral. Then witness' wagon was loaded with their guns, bedding and a few persons. Lee superintended the loading. In the other wagon were people mostly. Then the wagons started northward lengthwise of the meadows, witness being behind the other wagon with his. Men, women and children came along, after we drove out a little ways. The wagon went faster than the emigrants, and got a quarter of a mile in advance of them—or at least a little distance. Lee was along with the wagons, ahead of the emigrants. When that distance, witness heard a gun fired behind and below him, nearly a quarter of a mile. Looked back and saw Indians getting up from behind the brush and butchering the emigrants. Witness leaped out to see to his train. He saw Lee raise something as if a gun or club in the act of striking a woman in the wagon ahead and she fell. The team became frightened and witness saw no more, having to attend to it; but those in the wagons were all killed. There was another man or two at the wagons with Lee and plenty of Indians. Witness said he made an effort to see as little as he could of the massacre. The next day the cattle were driven away, and the wagons and all the emigrants' property also were taken away.

Samuel McCurdy swore that John M. Higbee called on him at Cedar City to go to the Meadows with his team and wagon. He was given two hours' notice to get ready. This was the day before the general massacre. A number went in the wagon from Cedar City—Klingensmith, Hopkins, and two or three others. Was told they were going to arrest the attack on the emigrants made by Indians. Got there in the night. Next day John D. Lee ordered him to drive after him to the emigrants' camp. A man named Bateman was sent out to meet the emigrants, with a white flag. Lee went after him, and met the emigrants' envoy, and a consultation was had, which witness did not hear. In ten or twelve minutes, Lee ordered the wagons on and they drove to the emigrants' camp. Witness' wagon was loaded with bedding and goods and people—men, women and children. "Some would have their things with them as if they were going a journey." Some were wounded. The wagons were ordered by Lee to drive out and they went, Lee walking between the two wagons—behind the first one, which moved fast, and got well ahead of the second. Witness' team was one of very fast walkers. Lee checked witness up several times. When they got over the hill, out of sight of the camp, Lee cried out "halt!" At that instant witness heard a gun right back of him. He turned and looked back and saw Lee with his gun at his shoulder. When it exploded he saw a woman fall. He must of hit her in the back of the head. Witness turned around and heard a sound of—as if striking with a heavy instrument, but he saw no striking. Witness turned again to the other side and saw Lee draw his pistol and shoot two or three in the head who were in the wagon. "He must have killed them; they were men and women." As soon as Lee fired his gun witness heard volleys of firing. His shot was the signal for the beginning. Witness could not name any of the men at the Meadows but Lee, Bateman and Klingensmith. The others were strangers to him. He thought he might remember more if he was to sit down and think a while. Witness, after a severe cross-examination, declared he knew no more. He was absorbed by his team, and had believed he was on an errand of mercy till the firing began. He admitted that at the Mormon camp he saw no Indians the morning after his arrival there, but saw many after the firing began, but could not recollect seeing them doing anything; he was so engaged and frightened that he could not see or recollect of seeing anything but that he had testified to. Lee took the dead out of the wagon and left them there where they were killed.

Nephi Johnson was sworn. In 1857 he lived in Iron county (the Meadows are in that county). He was a farmer, and could interpret for the Indians. He was at the massacre; he was then 19 years old. On Thursday he was "called" by Isaac Haight; the next

day the emigrants were killed. He went to Cedar City with Klingensmith's son and another man, and Haight told him to accompany the men going to the Meadows, and he did so. He was told they were going "to bury the dead slain by the Indians." He got there at midnight; saw Lee and Klingensmith there next morning; Lee spoke to some new Indians of having had a fight with the emigrants; said he and the Indians had attacked the emigrants and had been repulsed. Saw a bullet hole in his shirt, which the Indians said he received in the attack; thought he saw something like paint around his hair. Lee had a good influence over the Indians. Witness saw no Pahvant Indians there. All this was at Hamlin's ranch. On Friday morning Lee and Klingensmith took witness to the camp. There were white men camped there, and below the emigrants was the Indian camp. Witness described the "flag of truce" business, the going down of the wagons and their coming out. Klingensmith and Lee engineered the thing. He saw the emigrants file out unarmed. The women and children marched together and first, the men together and a little behind. Witness was on a knoll where he had ran to catch his escaping horse, and overlooked the scene. He had a pistol, but swears he took no part in the massacre. He heard a gun fire behind the wagons, saw the Indians rise and rush on the emigrants. He saw the emigrants killed. Saw Lee fire his gun at a woman, who fell in the lead wagon. Saw Lee and Indians pull persons from the wagons. The massacre meanwhile went on lower down. Saw Lee make a motion as if cutting a throat, believe he did so from the acts and motions in pulling the person from the wagon. The massacre lasted "not more than five minutes, maybe not over three minutes." Since then Lee has told witness about the first attack, which was made at daylight one morning. Lee went with the Indians to make it. Witness counted thirteen of the emigrants' wagons. The cattle were taken to Iron Springs, by Lee's order. Witness saw several of the wagons at Harmony (where Lee lived) after that. Saw some of the stock on Harmony range, near Lee's residence. He told witness he had given the Indians considerable beef, and the Indians told witness he had. The Indians in Southern Utah were friendly in 1857. Lee's relation to those near by were good, but as to those further south and on the Santa Clara witness did not know. There might have been twenty-five or thirty men in the Mormon camp. Witness thought sure there were ten or fifteen. Bateman and Hopkins, whom he saw there, are dead. He saw Isaac C. Haight at the Meadows, and also Higbee and old man Young. Lee was witness' superior officer, hence he did not question his talk about the attack, or interfere in it. Witness went to the Meadows, as he did not deem it safe to refuse, as danger would come from his superior officers at Cedar City, and Haight was the highest officer.

THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE.

Jacob Hamblin, whose ranch was at the north end of the Meadows, and who was absent at the time of the massacre, testified to being on the ground seven or eight days after the butchery. He saw the bodies of the company lying about; there were over 100; saw no live ones there. "The next spring I took my man and we buried over 120 skulls—skeletons—I don't remember exactly—something like 120. Two of us gathered up the bones. We counted them. I think it was 120 odd. I am satisfied it was over that, but I don't know just the number. I met Lee at Fillmore after the massacre. I told him that I heard the rumor of it among the Indians and he told me about it. I asked him how it came up, or something of that kind. He said that the emigrants passed through and threatened to make their outfit out of those outlying settlements, and he went out with some Harmony Indians, and that those Indians made an attack upon them and one got killed and another wounded, and they came to him and made him lead the attack; that he got a bullet through his hat and another through his shirt. I asked him why it was, and he said he went to watch them—to see that they

didn't get their outfit out of these outlying settlements; that he could not keep the Indians back; he got a bullet-hole through his shirt; he then afterwards got some more Indians, and had to decoy them out. I talked about it with him, and he justified himself in this way—that the Indians made him go out and lead the next attack; that they afterwards called on the Santa Clara Indians; that he decoyed them out and they massacred them.

Q.—Did he say where he decoyed them out? A.—He decoyed them out of the emigrant camp. He said the attack had been made by the Indians and that they could not keep them back; and it was supposed expedient, with an army right on our borders, that they would lead to giving the people much trouble, that they would testify against them, etc., and it was thought best to use them up—all that could tell tales.

There were two young ladies brought out by an Indian Chief at Cedar City, and he asked him what he should do with them, and the Indian killed one and he killed the other.

Q.—Tell the story as he told you? A.—That is about it.

Q.—Where were these two young women brought from; did he say? A.—From a thicket of oak brush where they were concealed. It was an Indian Chief of Cedar City.

Q.—Tell just what he said about that? A.—The Indian killed one and he cut the other's throat.

Q.—Who cut the other's throat? A.—Mr. Lee.

Q.—Tell me what Mr. Lee said; state the circumstances of that killing; what conversation passed between the Indian Chief and Lee, and the conversation between the women and himself? A.—I don't know that I could.

Q.—Tell all you remember of it; you say the Chief brought him the girls? A.—I think I have told it about all.

Q.—Go over it again; tell us all the details of the conversation of the killing? A.—Well, he said they were all killed; all, as he supposed; that the Chief of Cedar City then brought out two young ladies.

A SHOCKING TALE.

[It is believed, and has been stated by this same witness, and by others well-fitted to know, and in the presence of the compiler of this testimony, that these two girls were first outraged and then killed.]

Q.—What did he say the Chief said to him? A.—Asked what he would do with them.

Q.—What else did the Chief say? A.—The Chief said they didn't ought to be killed.

Q.—Why, did the Chief say to Lee why they should not be killed? A.—Well, he said they were pretty and he wanted to save them.

Q.—What did Lee tell you that he replied to the Chief? A.—According to the orders that he had they were too big and too old to let live.

Q.—Then what did he say took place—what did he say he told the Chief to do? A.—The Chief shot one of them.

Q.—Did he say he told him to shoot her? A.—He said he told him to.

Q.—What did he say the girl did when he told the Chief to shoot her? A.—I don't know.

Q.—Did she cover her face? A.—No, he didn't say she covered her face.

Q.—Did he say she pulled her bonnet down over her face? A.—He didn't tell me so.

Q.—Who did he say was by when that shooting took place? A.—Indians standing around. A good many.

Q.—After the Chief shot that one did he tell you what the other one said or did to him—Lee? A.—I don't think Mr. Lee did tell me.

Q.—Did he tell you himself who did kill the other one? A.—I said he told me it was a Cedar City Chief killed one.

Q.—Who killed the other? A.—He done it, he said.

Q.—How? A.—He threw her down and cut her throat.

Q.—Did he tell you what she said to him? A.—No.

Q.—Who did tell you that? A.—The Indians told me a good many things.

Q.—Didn't Mr. Lee tell you that she told him to spare her life; that she would serve him as long as she lived? A.—Mr. Lee didn't tell me that.

Q.—Did you ascertain in that conversation or subsequently where it was that they were killed? A.—When I got home I asked my Indian boy, and he went out to where this took place, and he saw two young ladies lying there with their throats cut.

Q.—How old was he? A.—16 or 18.

Q.—What was the condition of those bodies? A.—They were rather in a putrid state; their throats were cut. I didn't look further than that.

Q.—About what was their ages? A.—Looked about 14 or 15.

Q.—At what point were their bodies from the others? A.—Southeast direction, towards some thickets of oak.

Q.—How far off? A.—About fifty yards.

Q.—Were those bodies up a ravine a little ways? A.—Yes; on a raise of ground.

Q.—What were their ages, about? A.—13 to 15 I would suppose.

Q.—Did you learn from one of the children or from any other source their names? A.—Well, I suppose I did.

Q.—What name? A.—There was a little girl at my house, I found with my family, that was in that company; she said their names was Dunlap; she claimed to be their sister.

Q.—How old was she? A.—8 years old, she said.

Q.—Did you go up there and find the bodies yourself, with the assistance of the Indian boy? A.—I walked over the ground and looked at all that ground pretty much, and I saw these two bodies.

Q.—He told you about where those two bodies were to be found, did he? A.—Yes, sir; the others had been buried slightly, but those two hadn't been; there was quite a number scattered around there.

Q.—What became of the children of those emigrants—how many children were brought there? A.—Two to my house and several to Cedar City; I was acting sub-agent for Forney; I gathered the children up for him—17 in number, all I could learn of; I gathered up 17.

Q.—Who did you deliver them to? A.—Forney, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Utah.

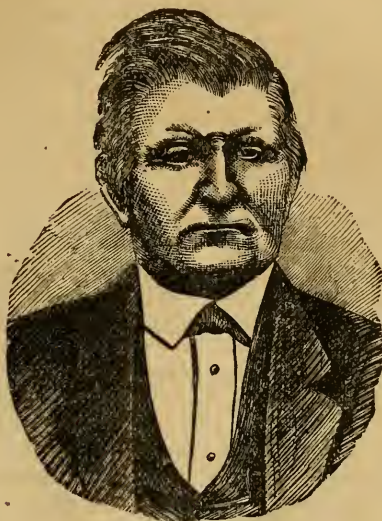
Q.—Was there any of the wagons or property burned there on the ground? A.—I never saw any sign of burning, and never heard of any.

Q.—There must have been a good deal said by Lee about the reasons for this massacre of emigrants? A.—The cause that he always gave to me was that which I told you—that they came through here and behaved very rough, and said that they helped kill old Joe Smith, and was going to be ready there at the Meadows when their teams got recruited, and when Johnston commenced on the north end they would on the south end; and he was asked by authority—Bishop Haight or Dame—to go and watch these emigrants and see that they didn't molest those weak settlements—when I asked him what it was for—that in doing so when the Indians got there they made this attack at daylight.

Q.—The Indians then made the first attack? A.—He said they made it voluntarily—they made the first attack.

Q.—You spoke of General Johnston being on the borders with an army marching on Utah? A.—Yes, at Fort Bridger then.

Q.—Who was it that Johnston was understood to be marching against at that time?
 A.—The understanding and feeling was that he was marching against the Mormons as a people, nation or Church, and was going to try to burst up the whole concern. That was what we expected.



JOHN D. LEE.

THE STATEMENT OF JOHN D. LEE OF THE FACTS CONNECTED WITH
 THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE.

In the month of September, 1857, the company of emigrants known as the "Arkansas Company" arrived in Parowan, Iron county, Utah, on their way to California. At Parowan young Aden, one of the company, saw and recognized one William Laney, a Mormon resident of Parowan. Aden and his father had rescued Laney from an anti-Mormon mob in Tennessee several years before and saved his life. He (Laney), at the time he was attacked by the mob, was a Mormon missionary in Tennessee. Laney was glad to see his friend and benefactor, and invited him to his house and gave him some garden sauce to take back to the camp with him. The same evening it was reported to Bishop (Colonel) Dame that Laney had given potatoes and onions to the man Aden, one of the emigrants. When the report was made to Bishop Dame he raised his hand and crooked his little finger in a significant manner to one Barney Carter, his brother-in-law, and one of the "Angels of Death." Carter, without another word, walked out, went to Laney's house with a long picket in his hand, called Laney out and struck him a heavy blow on the head, fracturing his skull, and left him on the ground for dead. C. Y. Webb and Isaac Newman, President of the "High Council," both told me that they saw Dame's maneuvers. James McGuffee, then a resident of Parowan—but through oppression has been forced to leave there and is now a merchant in Pahranaagat Valley, near Pioche, Nevada—knows these facts. About the last of August, 1857, some ten days before the Mountain Meadows massacre, the company of emigrants passed

through Cedar City. George A. Smith—then First Counselor in the Church and Brigham Young's right hand man—came down from Salt Lake City, preaching to the different settlements. I, at that time, was in Washington county, near where St. George now stands. He sent for me. I went to him, and he asked me to take him to Cedar City by way of Fort Clara and Pinto settlements, as he was on business and must visit all the settlements. We started on our way up through the canyon. We saw herds of Indians, and he (George A. Smith) remarked to me that these Indians, with the advantage they had of the rocks, could use up a large company of emigrants, or make it very hot for them. After pausing for a short time he said to me, "Brother Lee, what do you think the brethren would do if a company of emigrants should come down through here making threats? Don't you think they would pitch into them?" I replied that they "certainly would." This seemed to please him, and he again said to me, "And you really think the brethren would pitch into them?" "I certainly do," was my reply, "and you had better instruct Colonel Dame and Haight to tend to it that the emigrants are permitted to pass if you want them to pass unmolested." He continued, "I asked Isaac (meaning Haight) the same question, and he answered me just as you do, and I expect the boys would pitch into them." I again said to him that he had better say to Governor Young that if he wants emigrant companies to pass without molestation that he must instruct Colonel Dame or Major Haight to that effect, for if they are not ordered otherwise they will use them up by the help of the Indians. He told the people at the Clara not to sell their grain to the emigrants nor to feed it to their animals, as they might expect a big fight the next spring with the United States. President Young did not intend to let the troops into the Territory. He said, "We are going to stand up for our rights and will no longer be imposed upon by our enemies, and want every man to be on hand with his gun in good order and his powder dry," and instructed the people to part with nothing that would sustain life. From the 1st to the 10th of September, 1857, a messenger came to me—his name was Sam Wood—and told me that President Isaac C. Haight wanted me to be at Cedar City that evening without fail. This was Saturday. He told me that a large company of emigrants had gone south. I then lived at Harmony, twenty miles south of Cedar City. I obeyed the summons. President Haight met me. It was near sundown. We spent the night in an open house on some blankets, where we talked most all night. He told me that a company of emigrants had passed through some days before, threatening the Mormons with destruction, and that one of them had said he had helped to kill old Joe Smith and his brother Hyrum; that other members of the company of emigrants had helped drive the Mormons out of Missouri; that others had said they had come to help Johnston's army clean the Mormons out of Utah; that they had the halters ready to hang old Brigham and Heber, and would have them strung up before the snow flew; that one of the emigrants called one of his oxen (a pair of stags) "Brig." and the other "Heber," and that several of the emigrants had used all kinds of threats and profanity. John M. Higbee, the City Marshal, had informed them that it was a breach of the city ordinance to use profane language, whereupon one of them replied that he did not care a damn for the Mormon laws, or the Mormons either; that they had fought their way through the Indians and would do it through the d—d Mormons, and if their God, old Brigham, and his priests would not sell their provisions, by G—d they would take what they wanted any way they could get it; that thus raging one of them let loose his long whip and killed two chickens, and threw them into his wagon; that the widow Evans said, "Gentlemen, those are my chickens; please don't kill them. I am a poor widow." That they ordered her to "shut up," or they would blow her d—d brains out, etc.; that they had been raising trouble with all the settlements and Indians on their way; that we were threatened on the north by Johnston's army, and now our safety depended on prompt and immediate action; that a company of Indians had already gone south from Paro-

wan and Cedar City to surprise the emigrants, who were then at the Mountain Meadows, and he wanted me to return home in the morning (Sunday) and send Carl Shurtz (Indian interpreter) from my home (Harmony) to raise the Indians south, at Harmony, Washington and Santa Clara, to join the Indians from the north, and make the attack upon the emigrants at the Meadows. I said to him, "Would it not be well to hold a council of the brethren before making a move?" He replied that "every true Latter Day Saint that regarded their covenants knew well their duty, and that the company of emigrants had forfeited their lives by their acts," and that Bishop P. K. Smith (Klingensmith) and Joel White had already gone by way of Pinto to raise the Indians in that direction, and those that have gone from Parowan and here will make the attack, and may be repulsed. "We can't now delay for a council of the Brethren. Return immediately and start Carl Shurtz; tell him that I ordered you to tell him to go, and I want you to try and get there before the attack is made, and make the plan for the Indians, and I will call a council to-day to talk the matter over, and will send Nephi Johnson, the interpreter, to the Meadows, as soon as he can be got to help Carl Shurtz manage the Indians."

I did just as I was ordered. The Indians from the north and about Harmony had already started for the Meadows before I reached home. Shurtz started immediately to do his part. I arrived at home in the night and remained till morning. I thought over the matter, and the more I thought the more my feelings revolted against such a horrid deed. Sleep had fled from me. I talked to my wife Rachel about it. She felt as I did about it, and advised me to let them do their own dirty work, and said if things did not go just to suit them, the blame would be laid on me. She never did believe in blood atonement, and said it was from the devil, and that she would rather break such a covenant, if she had to die for so doing, than to live and be guilty of doing such an act. I finally concluded that I would go; that I would start by daybreak in the morning and try to get there before an attack was made on the company, and use my influence with the Indians to let them alone. I crossed the mountains by a trail and reached the Meadows between 9 and 10 in the morning, the distance from my place being about twenty-five miles. But I was too late. The attack had been made just before daybreak in the morning, and the Indians repulsed, with one killed and two of the chiefs from Cedar shot through the legs, breaking a leg for each of them. The Indians were in a terrible rage. I went to some of them that were in a ravine. They told me to go to the main body or they would kill me for not coming before the attack was made. While I was standing there I received a shot just above my belt, cutting through my clothes to the skin some six inches across. The Indians with whom I was talking lived with me at Harmony. I was Indian Farmer. They told me I was in danger and to get down into the ravine. I said it was impossible for me to do anything there, and I dare not venture to the camp or to the emigrants without endangering my life. I mounted my horse and started south to meet Carl Schurtz. I traveled sixteen miles and stopped on the Megotsy to bait my animal, as there was good grass and water. I had rode it over forty miles without eating or drinking. This is the place where Mr. Tobin met his assassins. About sunset I saw Mr. Schurtz and some ten or fifteen white men, and about one hundred and fifty Indians. We camped. During the night the Indians left for the Meadows. I reported to the men what had taken place. They attacked the emigrants again about sunrise the next morning, which was Tuesday, and had one of their number killed and several wounded. I, with the white men, reached the Meadows about 1 o'clock P. M. On the way we met a small band of Indians returning with some eighteen or twenty head of cattle. One of the Indians was wounded in the shoulder. They told me that the Indians were encamped east of the emigrants at some springs. On our arrival at the springs we found about two hundred Indians, among whom were the two wounded chiefs, Moquetus and Bill. The Indians were in a high state of ex-

citement; had killed many cattle and horses belonging to the company. I counted sixty head near their encampment that they had killed in revenge for the wounding of their men. By the assistance of Oscar Hamblin (brother of Jacob Hamblin) and Shurtz we succeeded in getting the Indians to desist from killing any more stock that night. The company of emigrants had corraled all their wagons but one for better defense. This corral was about one hundred yards above the springs. This they did to get away from the ravine south, the better to defend themselves. The attacks were made from the south ravine and from the rocks on the west. The attack was renewed that night by the Indians, in spite of all we could do to prevent it. When the attack commenced Oscar Hamblin, William Young and myself started to go to the Indians. When opposite the corral on the north, the bullets came around us like a shower of hail. We had two Indians with us to pilot us; they threw themselves flat on the ground to protect themselves from the bullets. I stood erect and asked my Father in Heaven to protect me from the missiles of death and enable me to reach the Indians. One ball passed through my hat and the hair of my head, and another through my shirt, grazing my arm near the shoulder.

A most hideous yell of the Indians commenced. The cries and shrieks of the women and children so overcame me that I forget my danger and rushed through the fire to the Indians and pleaded with them in tears to desist. I told them that the Great Spirit would be angry with them for killing women and little children. They told me to leave or they would serve me the same way; that I was not their friend, but a friend to their enemies; that I was a squaw and did not have the heart of a brave, and that I could not see bloodshed without crying like a baby, and called me Cry-baby, and by that name I am known by all the Indians to this day. I owe my life on that occasion to Oscar Hamblin, who was a missionary with the Indians and had much influence with the Santa Clara Indians. They were the ones that wanted to kill me. Hamblin shamed them and called them dogs and wolves for wanting to shed the blood of their father (myself), who had fed and clothed them. We finally prevailed upon them to return to camp, where we would hold a council; that I would send for big Captains to come and talk. We told them they had punished the emigrants enough, and may be they had killed nearly all of them. We told them that Bishop Dame and President Haight would come, and may be they would give them part of the cattle and let the company go with the teams. In this way we reconciled them to suspend hostilities for the present. The two that had been with Hamblin and myself the night before said they had seen two men on horseback come out of the emigrants' camp under full speed, and that they went towards Cedar City. Wednesday morning I asked a man—I think his name was Edwards—to go to Cedar City and say to President Haight, for God's sake, for my sake and for the sake of suffering humanity, to send out men to rescue that company. This day we all lay still, waiting orders. Occasionally a few of the Indians withdrew, taking a few head of animals with them. About noon I crossed the valley north of the corral, thinking to examine their location from the west range. The company recognized me as a white man and sent two little boys about 4 years old to meet me. I hid from them, fearing the Indians, who discovered the children. I called the Indians, who wanted my gun or ammunition to kill them. I prevailed with them to let the children go back into camp, which they very soon did when they saw the Indians. I crept up behind some rocks, on the west range, where I had a full view of the corral. In it they had dug a rifle pit. The wheels of their wagons were chained together, and the only show for the Indians was to starve them out, or to shoot them as they went for water. I lay there some two hours, and contemplated their situation, and wept like a child. When I returned to camp some six or eight men had come from Cedar City. Joel White, William C. Stewart and Elliot C. Weldon were among the number, but they had no orders. They had come merely to see how things were. The Meadows are about fifty

miles from Cedar City. Thursday afternoon the messenger from Cedar returned. He said that President Haight had gone to Parowan to confer with Colonel Dame, and a company of men and orders would be sent on to-morrow (Friday); that up to the time that he left the Council had come to no definite conclusion. During this time the Indians and men were engaged in broiling beef and making their hides into lassoes. I had flattered myself that bloodshed was at an end. After the emigrants saw me cross the valley they hoisted a white flag in the midst of their corral. Friday afternoon four wagons drove up with armed men. When they saw the white flag in the corral they raised one also, but drove to the springs where we were, and took refreshment, after which a Council meeting was called of Presidents, Bishops and other Church officers and members of the High Council, Societies, High Priests, etc. Major John H. Higbee presided as Chairman. Several of the dignitaries bowed in prayer—invoked the aid of the Holy Spirit to prepare their minds and guide them to do right and carry out the counsel of their leaders. Higbee said that President J. C. Haight had been to Parowan to confer with Colonel Dame, and their counsel and orders were that "This emigrant camp must be used up." I replied, "Men, women and children?" "All," said he, "except such as are too young to tell tales, and if the Indians cannot do it without help, we must help them." I commenced pleading for the company, and said that though some of them have behaved badly, they have been pretty well chastised. My policy would be to draw off the Indians, let them have a portion of the loose cattle, and withdraw with them under promise that they would not molest the company any more; that the company would then have teams enough left to take them to California. I told them that this course could not bring them into trouble. Higbee said, "White men have interposed and the emigrants know it, and there lies the danger in letting them go." I said, "What white man interfered?" He replied that in the attack on Tuesday night two men broke out of the corral and started for Cedar City on horseback; that they were met at Richey's Springs by Stewart, Joel White and another man whose name has passed from me. Stewart asked the two men their names when they met them at the spring, and being told in reply by one of the men that his name was Aden, and that the other man was a Dutchman from the emigrants' company, Stewart shoved a pistol to Aden's breast and killed him, saying, "Take that, damn you." The other man (the Dutchman) wheeled to leave as Joel White fired and wounded him. I asked him how he knew the wounded Dutchman got back to the emigrants' camp. He said, because he was tracked back, and they knew he was there. I again said that it was better to deliver the man to them, and let them do anything they wished with them, and tell them that we did not approve such things. Ira Allen, High Counselor, and Robert Wiley and others spoke, reproving me sharply for trying to dictate to the priesthood; that it would set at naught all authority; that he would not give the life of one of our brethren for a thousand such persons. "If we let them go," he continued, "they will raise hell in California, and the result will be that our wives and children will have to be butchered and ourselves too, and they are no better to die than ours; and I am surprised to hear Brother Lee talk as he does, as he has always been considered one of the staunchest in the Church, now is the first to shirk from his duty." I said, "Brethren, the Lord must harden my heart before I can do such a thing." Allen said it is not wicked to obey counsel. At this juncture I withdrew—walked off some fifty paces and prostrated myself on the ground and wept in the bitter anguish of my soul, and asked the Lord to avert that evil. While in that situation Counselor C. Hopkins, a near friend of mine, came to me and said: "Brother Lee, come, get up and don't draw off from the priesthood. You ought not to do so. You are only endangering your own life by standing out. You can't help it, if this is wrong—the blame won't rest on you." "I said, 'Charley, this is the worst move 'this people' ever made. I feel it.'" He said, "Come,

go back and let them have their way." I went back, weeping like a child, and took my place and tried to be silent, and was until Higbee said they (the emigrants) must be decoyed out through pretended friendship. I could no longer hold my place, and said I, "Joseph Smith said that God hated a traitor, and so do I. Before I would be a traitor I would rather take ten men and go to that camp and tell them that they must die, and now to defend themselves, and give them a show for their lives; that would be more honorable than to betray them like Judas." Here I got another reproof, and was ordered to hold my peace. The plan agreed upon there was to meet them with a flag of truce, tell them that the Indians were determined on their destruction; that we dare not oppose the Indians, for we were at their mercy; that the best we could do for them (the emigrants) was to get them and what few traps we could take in the wagons, to lay their arms in the bottom of the wagon and cover them up with bed clothes, and start for the settlement as soon as possible, and to trust themselves in our hands. The small children and wounded were to go with the two wagons, the women to follow the wagons and the men next, the troops to stand in readiness on the east side of the road ready to receive them. Shurtz and Nephi Johnson were to conceal the Indians in the brush and rocks till the company was strung out on the road to a certain point, and at the watchword "Halt! do your duty!" each man was to cover his victim and fire. Johnson and Schurtz were to rally the Indians, and rush upon and dispatch the women and larger children. It was further told the men that President Haight said that if we were united in carrying out the instructions we would all receive a "celestial reward." I said I was willing to put up with a less reward, if I could be excused. "How can you do this without shedding innocent blood?" Here I got another lampooning for my stubbornness and disobedience to the priesthood. I was told there was not a drop of innocent blood in the whole company of emigrants. Also referred to the Gentile nations who refused the children of Israel passage through their country when Moses led them up out of Egypt—that the Lord held that crime against them, and when Israel waxed strong the Lord commanded Joshua to slay the whole nation, men, women and children. "Have not these people done worse than that to us? Have they not threatened to murder our leaders and Prophet, and have they not boasted of murdering our Patriarchs and Prophets, Joseph and Hyrum? Now talk about shedding innocent blood." They said I was a good, liberal, free-hearted man, but too much of this sympathy would be always in the way; that every man now had to show his colors; that it was not safe to have a Judas in camp. Then it was proposed that every man express himself. That if there was a man who would not keep a close mouth they wanted to know it then. This gave me to understand what I might expect if I continued to oppose. Major Higbee said, Brother Lee is right. Let him take an expression of the people. I knew I dare not refuse, so I had every man speak and express himself. All said they were willing to carry out the counsel of their leaders; that the leaders had the Spirit of God and knew better what was right than they did. They then wanted to know my feelings. I replied, I have already expressed them. Every eye was upon me, as I paused, but, said I, "you can do as you please, I will not oppose you any longer." "Will you keep a close mouth?" was the question. "I will try," was my answer. I will here say that the fear of offending Brigham Young and George A. Smith had saved my life. I was near being "blood-atoned" in Parowan, under J. C. L. Smith, in 1854, but of this I have spoken in my autobiography.

Saturday morning all was ready and every man assigned to his post of duty. During the night, or rather, just before daylight, Johnson and Shurtz ambushed their Indians, the better to deceive the emigrants. About 11 o'clock A. M. the troop under Major Higbee took their position on the road. The white flag was still kept up in the corral. Higbee called William Bateman out of the ranks to take a flag of truce to the corral.

He was met about half way with another white flag from the emigrants' camp. They had a talk. The emigrant was told we had come to rescue them if they were willing to trust us. Both men with flags returned to their respective places and reported, and were to meet again and bring word. Higbee called me out to go and inform them the conditions, and, if I accepted, Dan McFarland, brother to John McFarland, lawyer, who acted aid-de-camp, would bring back word, and then two wagons would be sent for the firearms, children, clothing, etc. I obeyed, and the terms proposed were accepted, but not without distrust. I had as little to say as possible—in fact, my tongue refused to perform its office. I sat down on the ground in the corral, near where some young men were engaged in paying the last respects to some person who had just died of a wound. A large, fleshy old lady came to me twice and talked while I sat there. She related their troubles—said that seven of their number were killed and forty-six wounded on the first attack; that several had died since. She asked me if I was an Indian Agent. I said, "In one sense I am, as Government has appointed me Farmer to the Indians." I told her this to satisfy her. I heard afterwards that the same question was asked and answered in the same manner by McFarland, who had been sent by Higbee to the corral, to "hurry me up for fear that the Indians would come back and be upon them." When all was ready, Samuel McMurdy, Counselor to Bishop P. K. Smith (Klingensmith), drove out on the lead. His wagon had the seventeen children, clothing and arms. Samuel Knight drove the other team, with five wounded men and one boy about 15 years old. I walked behind the front wagon to direct the course, and to shun being in the heat of the slaughter—but this I kept to myself. When we got turned fairly to the east I motioned to McMurdy to steer north across the valley. I at the same time told the women, who were next to the wagon, to follow the road up to the troops, which they did. Instead of my saying to McMurdy not to drive so fast—as he swore on my trial—I said to the contrary, to drive on, as my aim was to get out of sight before the firing commenced, which we did. We were about half a mile ahead of the company when we heard the first firing. We had drove over a ridge of rolling ground, and down on a low flat. The firing was simultaneous along the whole line. The moment the firing commenced McMurdy halted and tied his lines across the rod of his wagon box, stepped down coolly with a double-barreled shotgun, walked back to Knight's wagon—who had the wounded men, and was about twenty feet in the rear. As he raised his piece he said, "Lord, my God, receive their spirits, for it is for the kingdom of heaven's sake that we do this," fired and killed two men. Samuel Knight had a muzzle-loading rifle, and he shot and killed the three men, then struck the wounded boy on the head, who fell dead. In the meantime I drew a five-shooter from my belt, which accidentally went off, cutting across McMurdy's buckskin pants in front, below the crotch. McMurdy said, "Brother Lee, you are excited; take things cool; you was near killing me. Look where the ball cut," pointing to the place on his pants. At this moment I heard the scream of a child. I looked up and saw an Indian have a little boy by the hair of his head, dragging him out of the hind end of the wagon, with a knife in his hand getting ready to cut his throat. I sprang for the Indian, with my revolver in hand, and shouted to the top of my voice, "Arick, ooma, cot too soet"—(Stop, you fool). The child was terror stricken. His chin was bleeding. I supposed it was the cut of a knife, but afterwards learned that it was done on the wagon box, as the Indian yanked the boy down by the hair of the head. I had no sooner rescued this child, than another Indian seized a little girl by the hair. I rescued her as soon as I could speak; I told the Indian that they must not hurt the children—that I would die before they should be hurt; that we would buy the children of them. Before this time the Indians had rushed up around the wagon in quest of blood, and dispatched the two runaway wounded men. In justice to my statement, I

would say that if my shooter had not prematurely exploded, I would have had a hand in dispatching the five wounded. I had lost control of myself, and scarce knew what I was about. I saw an Indian pursue a little girl, who was fleeing. He caught her about one hundred feet from the wagon and plunged his knife through her.

I said to McMurdy that he had better drive the children to Hamblin's ranch, and give them some nourishment, while I would go down and get my horse at the camp. Passing along the road I saw the dead strung along the distance of about half a mile. The women and children were killed by the Indians. I saw Shurtz with the Indians, and no other white man with them. When I came to the men they lay about a rod apart. Here I came up with Higbee, Bishop Smith and the rest of the company. As I came up Higbee said to me, let us search these persons for valuables; and asked me to assist him. Gave me a hat to hold. Several men were already engaged in searching the bodies. I replied that I was unwell, and wanted to get upon my horse and go to the ranch and nurse myself. My request was granted. Reaching Hamblin's ranch, being heart-sick and worn out—I lay down on my saddle blanket and slept, and knew but little what passed through the night. About daybreak in the morning I heard the voices of Colonel Dame and Isaac C. Haight. I heard some very angry words pass between them, which drew my attention. Dame said that he would have to report the destruction of the emigrant camp and the company. Haight said—"How—as an Indian massacre?" Dame said he did not know so well about that. This reply seemed to irritate Haight, who spoke quite loudly, saying, "How the h—l can you report it any other way without implicating yourself?" At this Dame lowered his voice almost to a whisper; I could not understand what he said, and the conversation stopped. I got up, saw the children, and among the others, the boy who was pulled by the hair of his head out of the wagon by the Indian—and saved by me. That boy I took home and kept home until Dr. Forney, Government agent, came to gather up the children and take them East. He took the boy with the others. That boy's name was William Fancher. His father was Captain of the train. He was taken East and adopted by a man in Nebraska, named Richard Sloan. He remained East several years, and then returned to Utah, and is now a convict in the Utah Penitentiary, having been convicted the past year for the crime of highway robbery. He is now known by the name of "Idaho Bill," but his true name is William Fancher. His little sister was also taken East, and is now the wife of a man working for the Union Pacific Railroad Company near Green river. The boy (now man) has yet got the scar on his chin caused by the cut on the wagon box, and those who are curious enough to examine will find a large scar on the ball of his left foot, caused by a deep cut with an ax while he was with me.

I got breakfast that morning; then all hands returned to the scene of the slaughter to bury the dead. The bodies were all in a nude state. The Indians through the night had stripped them of every vestige of clothing. Many of the parties were laughing and talking as they carried the bodies to the ravine for burial. They were just covered over a little, but did not long remain so, for the wolves dug them up, and, after eating the flesh from them, the bones laid upon the ground until buried some time after by a Government military officer. At the time of burying the bodies Dame and Haight got into another quarrel. Dame seemed terror-stricken, and again said he would have to publish it. They were about two paces from me. Dame spoke low, as if careful to avoid being heard. Haight spoke loud, and said: "You know that you counseled it, and ordered me to have them used up." Dame said: "I did not think that there was so many women and children. I thought they were nearly all killed by the Indians." Haight said: "It is too late in the day for you to back water. You know you ordered and counseled it, and now you want to back out." Dame said: "Have you the papers

for that," or, "Show the papers for that." This enraged Haight to the highest pitch, and Dame walked off. Haight said: "You throw the blame of this thing on me and I will be revenged on you if I have to meet you in hell to get it." From this place we rode to the wagons. We found them stripped of their covers and every particle of clothing, even the feather beds had been ripped open and the contents turned out upon the ground looking for plunder. I crossed the mountains by Indian trail—taking my little Indian boy with me on my horse. The gathering up of the property and cattle was left in the charge of Bishop P. K. Smith. The testimony of Smith in regard to the property and the disposition that was made of it was very nearly correct. I must not forget to state, that after the attack, a messenger by the name of James Haslem was sent with a dispatch to President Brigham Young, asking his advice about interfering with the company, but he did not return in time. This I had no knowledge of until the massacre was committed. Some two weeks after the deed was done, Isaac C. Haight sent me to report to Governor Young in person. I asked him why he did not send a written report; he replied that I could tell him more satisfactorily than he could write, and if I would stand up and shoulder as much of the responsibility as I could conveniently, that it would be a feather in my cap some day, and that I would get a celestial salvation; but the man that shrunk from it now would go down to hell. I went and did as I was commanded. Brigham asked me if Isaac C. Haight had written a letter to him. I replied not by me; but I said he wished me to report in person.

"All right," said Brigham. "Were you an eye-witness?" "To the most of it," was my reply. Then I proceeded, and gave him a full history of all, except that of my opposition. That I left out entirely. I told him of the killing of the women and children and the betraying of the company. That, I told him, I was opposed to; but I did not say to him to what extent I was opposed to it, only that I was opposed to shedding innocent blood. "Why," said he, "you differ from Isaac (Haight), for he said there was not a drop of innocent blood in the whole company." When I was through he said that it was awful; that he cared nothing about the men, but the women and children was what troubled him. I said, "President Young, you should either release men from their obligation, or sustain them when they do what they have entered into the most sacred obligation to do." He replied, "I will think over the matter and make it the subject of prayer, and you may come back in the morning and see me." I did so. He said, "John, I feel first rate. I asked the Lord if it was all right for that deed to be done, to take away the vision of the deed from my mind, and the Lord did so, and I feel first rate. It is all right. The only fear I have is of traitors." He told me never to lisp it to any mortal being, not even to Brother Heber. President Young has always treated me with the friendship of a father since, and has sealed several women to me since, and has made my home his home when in that part of the Territory—until danger has threatened him. This is a true statement according to the best of my recollection.

[Signed.]

JOHN D. LEE.

THE PRIESTHOOD GUILTY.

This statement I have made for publication after my death, and have agreed with a friend to have the same, with very many facts pertaining to other matters connected with the crimes of the Mormon people under the leadership of the priesthood, from a period before the butchery of Nauvoo to the present time, published for the benefit of my family, and that the world may know the black deeds that have marked the way of the Saints from the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, to the period when a weak and too pliable tool lays down his pen to face the executioners' guns for deeds of which he is not more guilty than others who to-day are wearing the garments of the priesthood, and living upon the "tithing" of a deluded and priest-rid-

den people. My autobiography, if published, will open the eyes of the world to the monstrous deeds of the leaders of the Mormon people, and will also place in the hands of the Attorney for the Government the particulars of some of the most blood curdling crimes that have been committed in Utah, which, if properly followed up, will bring many down from their high place in the Church, to face offended Justice upon the gallows. So mote it be.

[Signed.]

JOHN D. LEE.

THE EXECUTION.

CEDAR CITY, March 23, 1877.—Twenty years ago at the Mountain Meadows, in Iron county, Utah—then the last resting and recruiting oasis for the California emigrant before entering upon the great southern desert—one hundred and thirty-four men, women and children were brutally murdered by a band of fanatical religionists of the Mormon faith, acting under the direct counsels of the great Mormon Theocracy of Utah, with Brigham Young at its head. To-day, at 11 o'clock, within two hundred yards of where the emigrants fell, victims to a decoy under a flag of truce, the chief butcher of that horrid day in September, 1857, John D. Lee, was shot to death, by command of the lawful Court having jurisdiction of his awful crime. About the same distance from the rude stone pile or monument which marks the resting place of the slaughtered innocents, Lee was placed upon his coffin to die.

About one hundred persons witnessed the execution. United States Marshal Nelson and his posse of Deputies arrived at the fatal ground about 8 o'clock last night (Thursday) from Beaver City. He had with him three Government wagons from Camp Cameron, which is distant from Beaver City but one mile, and at which post Lee has been recently kept in custody. In the wagons rode a squad of twenty-two United States soldiers from Camp Cameron, who were under command of Lieutenant Patterson. This squad, from its connection with this most notorious case, will come to be of historic memory, and Patterson's little command will probably find place in American history as the just instrument of avenging justice. The first night out the company made a march of seventy miles from Beaver to Leeches, and came into camp about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Lee on the road was self-possessed, and fully convinced that his last hope had gone from him. On going into camp Lee ate a hearty meal, smoked a pipe with composure, and rolling himself in his blankets stretched himself beneath a sheltering cedar tree, upon the very land where once he could command the best of all the country, but upon which he was at last a condemned murderer, taking his last sleep on earth, ironed and watched. He slept soundly until about 1 o'clock, when he was aroused. His manner was still cool and collected; either the certainty of his fate had caused him to suffer all he could, or else he was indifferent to the terrible doom impending for him, unless indeed he failed to realize the whole truth. It is more correct to suppose, however, that the agony of anticipation had passed for him, and he was no longer desirous of delay. On the trip, for the first time, he confessed to the slaying of five of the emigrants. He was filled with bitterness against the Prophet, Priest and Seer, Brigham Young, the great head of the Mormon Church. He accused Brigham openly of leading the Mormons to their utter destruction.

As said, the troops arrived at the Meadows about 8 o'clock this morning. Thursday night Lee had slept well and his appetite was in no way diminished by the fate before him. About 9 o'clock this morning Lee was taken from the camp in one of the Government wagons, on each side of which marched the command of Lieutenant Patterson. This funeral cortege marched direct to the spot chosen for the execution. Lee was still composed, and talked and acted with remarkable indifference. Arrived at the spot,

he went to a convenient place and explained the situation of the emigrants when the massacre occurred. Lee made a dying statement to United States District Attorney Sumner Howard, the contents of which are not known. The picture presented this morning was weird and strange beyond description. The wagons and troops, the officers of the law and representatives of the press, all seen from an overlooking promontory, marching solemnly through the Meadows, was a sight not dissimilar to that other one, nearly twenty years ago, on the same spot.

Arrived within a few yards of the monument—a huge irregular pile of stones, whereon the cross stood erected to the memory of the butchered emigrants, and which the Mormons subsequently tore down and defaced—the Government wagons were placed in line together, and the six men who had been selected for the execution were posted, armed with needle-guns. Lee came forward, in company with the Rev. George Stokes, of Minnetta, Marshal Nelson, and United States District Attorney Sumner Howard. His step faltered just a little as he approached the coffin. He took off his overcoat, and, with great coolness, seated himself upon his coffin, which had been brought in one of the wagons and had been placed upon the death-spot. Throughout he acted as though he was simply taking a seat by a comfortable fire. The situation placed the prisoner about twenty-five feet from the Government wagons, which he faced. When he was seated upon the plain coffin which his lifeless body was so soon to occupy, United States Marshal Nelson proceeded to read to the doomed man the warrant of the Court by which he was commanded to put him to death. While the long formalities of this instrument were slowly and solemnly pronounced Lee's countenance gave no indication that they had impressed themselves upon him at all. At the conclusion, Marshal Nelson asked Lee if he had any statement to make, and informed him that he had but a few moments to live. Lee arose from his seat on the coffin, and in a clear and distinct tone of voice addressed the assembled company.

He said that he fully realized the solemnity of the occasion, that he knew he must die, that his soul was reposing in trust and confidence in the justice and mercy of God. While not denying his presence at and participation in the massacre, he protested his innocence of primary responsibility and criminal intent. He said the Government, in taking his life, was executing the best friend it ever had among the Mormons. He next spoke of Brigham Young, and as he mentioned that name his tones grew firm, sharp and defiant, while his face wore an expression of bitterness and wrong. He accused Brigham Young of having abandoned, betrayed and "gone back" on one who had served him to the uttermost without question of consequences. But for all this, he said, he stood firm in the faith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He then in more faltering tones, and with tears for the first time coursing his cheeks, spoke of his family, and with affectionate references, somewhat incoherent, closed his remarks.

All now knelt, the prisoner kneeling by his coffin, while the Rev. Mr. Stokes offered up a fervent prayer, beseeching mercy for the dying man. Lee arose quickly, and, seating himself on his coffin, addressed the squad detailed for the execution, beseeching them not to mangle his body, but to aim at his heart. He said, "I am not at all excited, and I will give the word to fire myself." He readjusted his position for the purpose of having his photograph taken by an artist. This done, Lee requested the operator to send a copy to each of his three faithful wives—Rachel, Caroline and Sarah.

Marshal Nelson then approached him with a folded handkerchief in his hands. Lee, by an inclination of the head, signified his readiness to receive the blind, and the Marshal proceeded to bandage his eyes. He was about to pinion his hands behind his back, when Lee objected, and clasped them over his head, at which the Marshal desisted. The spectators then drew back; the firing party came to an "attention;"

Lee was heard to say "aim well," and at the same time to murmur some imprecation against Brigham Young, and these were his last words.

Marshal Nelson now partly faced the condemned and gave the word "Ready!" The guns were dropped. "Take aim!" The guns were leveled on the victim. Then, after a silence which seemed an age of duration to the by-standers, the word "Fire!" rang fatally on the air. Six simultaneous reports followed, and John D. Lee fell backward on his coffin, his feet remaining on the ground. There was no quiver or struggle. Five balls had passed through his body in the region of the heart.

The unanimous comment of those present was that Lee displayed the most extraordinary courage, and met his fate either in the belief that he was a martyr or a hero. At all events, he died with a fortitude and resignation that made his death an easy one. No member of his family was present. He had requested that his body be sent to Pangowitch to his wife Rachel. John D. Lee was born in Kaskaskia, Illinois, on the 15th of September, 1812, and was therefore aged 64 years, 6 months and 8 days.

MOUNT HAMILTON.

On the first day of December, 1877, the PACIFIC ART Co. will publish their beautiful Chromo, 19x25 inches in size, of Mount Hamilton, with Santa Clara Valley in the foreground.

The summit of Mount Hamilton is 4,448 feet above the level of the sea. The summit is reached by 21½ miles of even graded macadamized carriage road (Lick avenue), which winds its devious way over deep cañons, around sharp curves, along high bluffs and steep mountain sides. At every step new and wonderful scenery is presented to view. This Avenue is pronounced one of the greatest feats of engineering skill on the Pacific Coast, and is the wonder and admiration of the crowds who continually visit Mount Hamilton. Mount Hamilton is famous for being the site of the Lick Observatory. The late James Lick, in his will, bequeathed seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the building of the Observatory and placing therein the largest Telescope in the world. It will be, when completed, the pride and triumph of science in America.

In front of it lies Santa Clara Valley, one of the richest agricultural valleys in California. Besides, producing in great abundance all the cereals, it is here that the noted fruits of California are raised; also, lemons, oranges, figs, olives, dates, almonds, and many other semi-tropical fruits.

It is the location of the great Quicksilver Mines of America, the New Almaden and Guadalupe. The valley is about 45 miles long and averaging about 12 miles wide, commencing at the southern extremity of San Francisco Bay and bounded upon the east and west by lofty ranges of mountains which abound in rich minerals and valuable Mineral Springs. Here is the Pacific Saratoga Springs which are fully equal in all respects to the older Saratoga of the East.

This valley is a noted health resort, where the invalid, especially the consumptive, seldom fails to fully recover health by a sojourn of a few months. The climate is equal to that of Italy. Roses and a great variety of flowers bloom the year around. The soil is very rich and productive. Upon the whole, it is one of the most beautiful and desirable places to live on the Globe, and is so pronounced by all travelers who have visited it. The number and popularity of its Free Schools have no rival in the United States. Its Drives and Parks are in splendid condition the year around. Among its carriage drives is the well known "Alameda," which is claimed to be the finest on this continent. It connects the cities of San Jose and Santa Clara, which are three miles apart, and is lined by Willow trees, planted one hundred years ago, by Jesuits and Indians. At night it is lighted by gas. All the Institutions of this valley are worthy the pride of its inhabitants.

The Picture is very fine and portrays truthfully one of California's most beautiful views. The company are confident it will give full satisfaction, and offer it as a companion piece to "Mountain Meadows."

Mount Hamilton, with a full and complete description of the valley, its statistics, etc., will be sent by return mail after November 30th, to all persons ordering it, for the sum of one dollar. Send to PACIFIC ART Co., San Francisco, or to their Chicago, Ill.,



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